TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

In the history of George Jarvis the third chapter in his downward career has been reached. First, the sins which society did not punish with its ostracism, because they were not open and flagrant; second, when he discarded even the cloak of deceney and ran away from his wife with a woman unfit to touch the pure lips of his children; third, his incarceration in a police cell, for what in law and in the none too strenuous public opinion of not easily divorced neighbors is held to be a crime. When a man acts as Jarvis did in leaving Toronto he burns his bridges behind him, and this, in a matter of morals, is certain to lead to greater depths of degradation. At the time of his departure I took occasion to make a few remarks as to the future in store for him and the partner of his guilt. The quick fulfilment of what was suggested as the probable future of the man who has been unfaithful to his wife and the woman who has been unfaithful to herself and a shame to her sex, should lead to the application of the natural laws which govern all those who outrage the conventionalities and choose for themselves a life of open shame. He soon wearied of her, and left her to look after herself. She soon forgot him and married a man who, according to the evidence given at their trial, was not too proud to eat the bread of his wife's paramour. Tiring of the Dead Sea fruits of promiscuous vice, Jarvis returns to his mistress again, and she to him, and together they are cast amongst the drunks and degraded wretches of the police cells, where they were no doubt initiated into a still lower life. With the smell of the jail on their clothes bearing with them wherever they go the taint of their public dishonor, seeing each other's falsity in every look, remembering the lies they have spoken when one voice answers the other, with nothing of purity to revere, no pride to preserve, no self-respect to esteem, no faith to hold fast, with love replaced by shameless lust, even in peaceful moments their caresses are but those of the hariot and their endearments the pretence of the hypocrite. For such a life as this who would exchange the purity of even an unhappy home? But the end is not yet; when the other chapters are written, and they will be but short, other horrors will be added to prove that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

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The local event of the week has been the meeting in the Grand Opera House of the Grand Lodge of the Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons. This, together with the Grand Chapter, Grand Council and Great Priory, has attracted to the city a large number of visitors, and the scene at their place of meeting was brilliant and impressive. The debating talent displayed at the Grand Lodge is much superior to that of the vast majority of parliamentary speakers, being much briefer and more to the point.

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There are some people who affect to despise Freemasonry and the kindred societies which have grown into such popularity in recent years, and a certain set think it smart to gibe at the regalias and other insignia of the different orders. Many zealous religionists feel called upon to oppose Freemasonry as an enemy of the church, claiming that it occupies time which should be given to more pious pursuits, and is apt, as it were, to become the religion of the zealous member. The Roman Catholic Church opposes it, and indeed all kindred societies, as the obligation of secrecy erects a barrier between the Freemason and the priest at the confessional. Still other opponents of the craft allege that the refreshment room of the lodge is a temptation which sometimes leads men to drunkenness. This argument is mostly advanced by those who are not Freemasons, but who take stock in "goat" stories and imagine that a man has really been "at lodge" when he goes home and urges that as an excuse for inebriety or late hours. Another class of Masonry's opponents allege that it is a failure, that the vow of brotherly love does not bind, that charity is not regarded as an obligation, and that it has even been used to perpetrate frauds, and that Masons have been known to swindle and to rob, not outsiders alone, but the brother who has received from them the fraternal grip.

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This would seem to be a formidable array of objections; when we scrutinize them they amount to but little. The regalias, while sometimes too gaudy, are not paraded often, nor are they an imitation of any order, but are supposed to designate their bearers as men of superior merit or to proclaim to the world that their wearers are not ashamed of the order to which they belong, but are proud to have it known that they have made vows. The overzealous religionists who object to it might examine the poor roll of their church and compare it, if they have an opportunity, with the list of the sick, the widowed and the orphans supported by the benevolent society which they so sharply criticize. It is better to have a religion of charity and to learn it in the lodge room than to be known as the miserly occupant of a fashionable pew. But it is not true that Freemasonry is opposed to religion. It is founded on the Christian faith, teaches its principles; emulates its practice. There is no reason why a Roman Catholic should not be a Freemason, as there is nothing opposed to his religion in the Masonic order, the craft having fallen under the displeasure of the Church when its objects were vastly different to what they are now. But if to the Catholic it is a choice between deserting the religion of his church for the sake of Freemasonry, he would be a poor religionist and a still poorer Mason if he chose the human society and discarded one he believed to be divine and the only way of salvation.

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Scoffers would have us despise Christianity because many of those who profess it fail to live up to its teachings. The sceptic would have us doubt every professed Christian because a few are rogues; cynics who have proved half a dozen men or women false declare humanity to be treacherous and vile. Neither religion nor Freemasonry can alter human nature. In the former, spiritual aid that we wot not of comes to strengthen, and a glorious future is ever before the believer as a reward of his goodness. Masonry may lack this, but well-doing has a strength of its own; organized benevolence and brotherly support add to the power of each individual the collective moral strength of his order. As the forest can resist the blast more successfully than the lonely pine, so the man who is surrounded by cohorts of his fellows who have sworn to stand by him so long as he abides by the principles common to them all, feels that he is secure, and has friends whom his signal of distress will always bring to his side.

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The fact that many men have been made Masons who were unworthy gives some reason for the jeer that anyone can be a Mason nowadays. Some of the men who make this sneer have probably been rejected. A rejection is a secret which is never given to the public, therefore soreheads are safe in their scoffing, because they know there will never be a reply. Only those within the order know its merits, and there are none wearing its name who ever speak with contempt of its privileges, pious protection and benevolence save those who have endeavored to use it for improper purposes, to further their own ambition or desire for revenge. That it withstood for centuries every form of oppression, opposition and criticism is proof that it is founded on eternal truth, and has for its main pillars—Love, Hope and Charity.

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In the foregoing, the word "Masonry" might be eliminated and be replaced by the name of any one of a half-a-dozen organizations which afford places of meeting for young men where they can form friendships which will be of use to them through their whole lives; organizations which look after the well-being of a brother, nurse him when he is sick, help him when he is poor, bury him when he dies and give succor to the widowed and fatherless when their breadwinner is no more. I have used Freemasonry as the text because it is the topic of the week. To the others all that I have said is almost as applicable. The progress of civilization is shown by the upbuilding of these organizations. In all of them the bible is the textbook. The aim is to do good, not as we give alms but as we invite the friend, the loved one, the companion to share what we have. When the churches do more of this there will be less necessity for such benevolent organizations, the secrets of which amount to nothing but the proofs of fraternity and the obligation not to divulge them to others whereby imposture and mendicancy would make the efforts of these societies abortive.

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I have always locked with a good deal of suspicion on bleached blondes. I don't know whether women hope to impose on men when they discolor their hair, but if they imagine that an ordinary man cannot tell the difference between a bleached blonde and one who is born that way, they give our sex credit for more stupidity than we deserve. Ladies who attempt to make themselves attractive in this way can hardly appreciate the dangers they run.

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No doubt many otherwise estimable women are carried away by their vanity and bleach their hair. Some do it perhaps because their husbands or lovers want them to, but they make themselves the butt of a great many remarks in so doing. Unless I know something to the contrary, I always expect a bleached blonde to wink at me when she goes past. I am grateful though rather surprised, if she doesn't. Where you see bleached hair on one good woman, you will notice it in nine cases out of ten on women who are a great deal too frisky for their own good. I reckon that there is always something weak at the roots of bleached hair; in fact the brain under dyed hair is generally pretty mushy. The majority of the estimable ladies who try the bleaching process, get their hair cut off pretty soon and let it grow out "natchel like." They find themselves stared at and the object of a good deal of unconventional attention. I don't deny that it often makes a woman look very interesting, particularly if she has dark eyes and a good complexion; but it is the kind of "interesting" which a woman adds to her charms by wearing a very striking dress. Ladies are supposed to avoid every appearance in public of a desire to appear conspicuous, and those who are too noticeable are supposed to be doing it for a purpose.

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In addition to these social dangers, an instance has come to my personal knowledge of a Toronto woman who has recently gone insane from the use of some bleaching process. Perhaps she overdid it, but anyway in her desire to become a bleached blonde she has become a lunatic. I don't wish to put it harshly but I think she must have been a little "loony" or she would not have desired to become an artificial blonde. These chemically prepared women are as inferior to their sensible sisters as oleomargarine to butter or a chromo to an oil painting. The woman who cannot look lovely without bleaching her hair had better go out of the lovely business and try some other attraction. The days of the drug-store blonde are few and if she doesn't get bald-headed or crazy she will get into some other trouble unless her manner is much more circumspect than that of the woman who is content to leave the glory of her tresses in the tint that nature put there.

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I remember a blonde of this variety who made herself still more conspicuous by wearing a tight suit which was so noticeable that the street car horses would turn around and stare after her. There was a scandal got up about some barber shop blonde having been caught trespassing on the rules of propriety and it got into the papers without any name. Somehow the whole town fastened it on her and she came to me and wondered why they had selected her as the woman, and told me her husband was in a perfect fury about it and wanted to kill somebody. I told her she had better get her hair cut and wear one of her mother's dresses for a couple of months and people would quit talking about her.

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The rudeness of some women in the street car has often been commented upon, sometimes unjustly, but since I have been riding in a bobtail coach I have seen more than enough of it. One lady sits in the corner with her back up against the front window, and another woman locates herself on the same side, facing the other as nearly as the seat will permit, without sitting tailor fashion. In this way they manage to occupy a little more than half of one side of the car. I saw two fat dames of this kind the other day, and as there was no conductor to make them straighten out, they monopolized the room, while two or three of us had to stand. I resolved the next instance of that kind I saw I would sit down, even if I had to sit in one of their laps. The next evening two young ladies were spread over the seat in the same style, with a big lunch basket between them, and six men were standing up, while a fat man was sitting on the edge of the seat in that half-suspended condition in which he hardly knew whether he was standing up or sitting down. Still those girls did not move. I stepped forward as gracefully as I could, dropped my coin in the box and stumbled back in front of the girls, feeling that I was going to do something that would probably make me blush before I got through with it.

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"I beg your pardon, ladies, but would you be kind enough to move up a little and let me sit down?"

I don't remember their particular style of beauty, but one of them had black eyes and when she looked up at me and exclaimed, "Sir-r-r!" I felt uncomfortable but stuck to it.

"Would you be kind enough," I continued, "to put that basket on the floor, and sit up closer together so that I can have a seat. I don't think that basket is as tired as I am."

They glared and put the basket under the seat and I sat down, but the one next me nearly twisted her spine off so as to show her disapprobation of my conduct by sitting with her back to me. She must have had a swivel joint in her vertebræ, or she could not have stood it for over a mile as she did. However, it didn't hurt me if it pleased "she."

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Did you ever notice how some people always try to make it easy for others, even at their personal inconvenience, while others seem to study how disagreeable and unhandy they can be. The majority of men jump off a street car while it is in motion rather than give the horse and driver the trouble to stop. It is not through a desire to be venturesome, but they hate to see the poor horse have to start up his load. Other men ring the bell and want the car to stop, expect the passengers to get up and take off their hats when they go out and look mad because the driver is not there to help them off. While the people who need so much attention and insist on having such a large amount of space devoted to their special use are contemptible, those who have an undue anxiety to wait on the pleasure and convenience of others appear servile and insignificant. Nothing is more admirable than a certain sturdy independence. All other things being fairly equal, a man has a right to insist on getting what he pays for, and not make any bones about it. If you see a fellow bobbing up and down and getting out of everybody's way, and permitting Tom, Dick and Harry to take precedence over him, you can at once decide that he considers himself of small importance, and it is quite natural that other people should take him at his own valuation.

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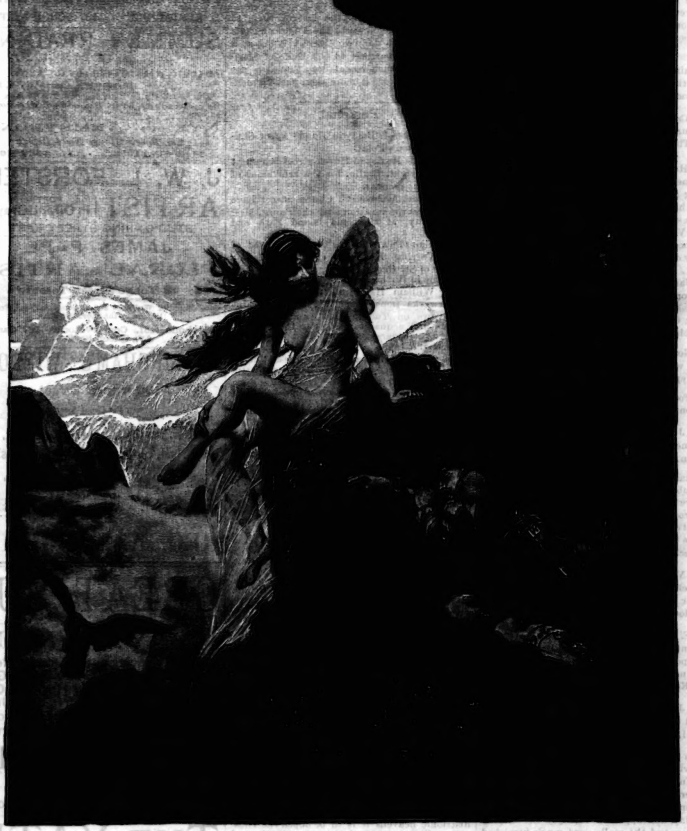
Since the parks and drives scheme was defeated in the Council some of the aldermen are taking up the idea of having small squares in the busier parts of the city. We should have some large parks to which people could go for a half holiday; but there should be play grounds and public places accessible to those who cannot spare the time to take their families to High Park, for instance. In New York, London, Paris, these squares are to be found, where open air meetings are held on important occasions, and where, in the evenings, under the trees, hundreds of people sit on the benches and enjoy themselves who otherwise would have nothing more convenient than the steps at their front or back doors. For instance, it has been suggested that the land on the south side of Queen street, opposite the new City Hall buildings, should be expropriated and a little square located there, comprising the property south of Queen street, east of Bay and north of Richmond street, and bounded on the east by a continuation of James street. There are no buildings of any value in this plot, and the aldermen who has suggested the idea, argues in its defence that as central and appropriate a place could not be had elsewhere without paying for more or less costly structures, which would have to be demolished. This is simply a sample of what can be done at a reasonable expense in the way of providing such accommodations as the public should have.

DOM.



A MOUNTAIN FAIRY.

Side by side, within a hammock,
On a lovely summer's night,
Sat a maiden and her lover,
And around, the moon shone bright.

"Darling," sweet and low he whispered,
"Thou I love above them all;
May we go through life together
Undisturbed by snare or fall?"

While thus earnestly he pleaded,
Half believing what he said,
Back too far the young man leaned,
Thump!—he landed on his head.

Oh, ye gods! have maids no pity?
Loud a mocking laugh did sound;
Once more turned the tricky hammock,
And she sat upon the ground.

"T is an ill wind"—you all know that,
Straightway he his suit renewed;
With hands fondly clasped together,
Sat they on the grass bedewed.

Then, the fates were more propitious,
Answered she: "I love thee well;
But—" she saw the swinging hammock—
"Please, don't ever, ever tell!"

FLAVEL S. MIXER in *Puck*.

Society.

The Queen's Royal at Niagara-on-the-Lake has long been recognized as the legitimate successor to the Arlington of Cobourg for the pleasant Saturday night dances which have taken place within its hospitable walls. The hop given last Saturday was the prettiest of the season, and was graced by many fair ones from Buffalo, Toronto and other places.

The music rendered by Corlett's orchestra, was fully up to the standard in the matter of dance music. The spacious gallery adjoining the Queen's Royal ball-room is an admirable adjunct to the pleasures of the latter, affording, as it does, to the weary dancers a delightful retreat where the music can still be heard, and from the further fact of its commanding a pleasant view of the dancers.

It last Saturday be a fair criterion of these hops, I do not wonder that our citizens are so glad to avail themselves of this charming resort. What with the large exodus of people from town the dancing men who are unfortunately detained here would have rather a dull time of it were it not for such a boon as these Saturday night hops.

I can only regret that I am unable to look forward to a dance to-night, as the latter has been cancelled, but when next Saturday arrives "may I be there to see."

Amongst some of the latest arrivals at Niagara-on-the-Lake I saw Mr. P. Howland and the Misses Howland, Miss Small, Miss Manning, Miss Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Thompson, Mr. Auldjo, Mr. B. Jennings, Mr. A. G. Brown, Mr. I. and the Misses McArthur, Miss Patton, Miss Brouse, Mrs. Andrew Smith, Miss Smith and a host of pleasant people from New York, Buffalo, New Orleans, Philadelphia and St. Louis.

Tears and laughter walk side by side, and my remarks regarding last Saturday's visit remind me of the truth of this in a somewhat modified form, for amongst the guests at the Queen's Royal are many delegates to the annual Believers' Conference for Bible study, which holds its sessions in the large pavilion adjoining the hotel. But, I trust I shall not be misunderstood, as these delegates are among the pleasantest folks at that charming hostelry.

A flying visit to Toronto was paid last Monday by a party of pleasant Americans, consisting, amongst others, of Mr. and Mrs. W. Basset of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Birge of Buffalo, and Miss King of Chicago, who managed to do a considerable amount of shopping and sight-seeing before leaving.

The Misses Mercer Adam and party have been staying for the past week at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls. After their return to Toronto they will go for a while to Muskoka. Mr. G. A. Adam of the Ontario Bank has returned from New York and Montreal, where he has been holidaying.

The July days are 'cre,
The 'ottest of the year.

Remembering the above memorable lines, and the fact of the summer exodus which accompanies it, I hope it will be deemed admissible to offer a few suggestions as to the eternal fitness of things in the matter of suitable watering places.

For European travelers I would recommend the *toper* to Berlin on the *Spree*, and *lovers* will not fare badly at the *Kissingen* Baths, the Isle of *Dogs* is recommended to the cheerful consideration of admirers of the "friend of Man." Confirmed old *maids* might alter their minds at the Isle of *Man;* whilst, nearer home, the *Poulterer* would find a congenial spot at the Hen and Chickens Islands off Collingwood; cattle dealers might go further and fare worse than Hogs' Hollow. Sprinters and racing men generally could improve their morals at Guelph or any other harbor of refuge on the river *Speed*. What is there to hinder our schoolmasters from patronizing Long Branch? The ancient gentleman who alternately storms and beseeches under the twinges of gout might try *Newport*, but should everlastingly steer clear of *Bar* Harbor. The tramp should, and probably does, wend his interesting way to the haven of Shelter Island, on the Atlantic coast. But why enumerate any further? The above is sufficient, and our point is made.

Mr. Wragge left town on Tuesday to sail for England by the popular Dominion liner, the steamship Vancouver. Mr. Wragge's absence is not to be a long one, and his pleasant house on Wellesley street will be one of the first to reopen its doors.

Mrs. McCaul and Miss McCaul of Carlton street were also passengers by the Vancouver. These ladies are to spend the summer in England and the winter on the continent, so that it will be a year or more before they return.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith leave next week for Vancouver. They will spend some time in British Columbia, and will visit Banff on their way home.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, whose departure for Banff was announced last week, were prevented from going until last Monday. Mrs. Nordheimer was accompanied as far as Winnipeg by her sister, Mrs. McRae of that place.

Captain Sears has gone on a fishing expedition to that wonderful trout river, the Nepigon, on the northern shores of Lake Superior.

Mr. Creighton Stuart of London, England, has returned from Muskoka, and is again staying at Tintagel, McCall street.

Mr. Hume Blake, Mr. Moffatt, and other gentlemen who have been for the last fortnight making a cruise round the lake in the yacht Rivet, have returned. Last week the same terrible storm which so nearly caused the loss of the Verve, and which the Cygnet scarcely withstood, was encountered by the Rivet without any damage to the stout little vessel.

Mr. James Rogers of London, England, who spent some winter months here some two years ago, is again in town on his way to Japan, *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway and British Columbia.

Mr. Gordon Jones has started for Banff, but on the way out will do some fishing on the river Nepigon.

Mr. Torrance of Montreal, a frequent visitor to Toronto, was in town this week.

Hon. Justice Burton, Mrs. Burton and family leave next week for their island on Lake Rosseau.

So many people were at the Toronto Tennis Club on Monday, that almost all those who are still in town must have been there. Such crowds as are to be seen at the beginning and end of the season before people have begun to leave town, and after they return, can hardly be expected now.

Miss Yarker left on Friday for Mr. and Mrs. Campbell's country house on the Georgian Bay, whither Miss Maude Yarker will follow her before long.

Mr. F. Kershaw, of the York and Lancaster regiment, now stationed at Halifax, is spending a portion of his leave in Toronto. He leaves next week to join his brother, Mr. Edmund Kershaw, in Muskoka.

Mrs. John Howard and the Misses Howard crossed the lake this week to stay at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

I was very glad to see such a gratifying number of visitors at the Flower Show on Wednesday. In spite of the threatening state of the weather large numbers of citizens visited the Pavilion on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, and appeared to enjoy the display of flowers and the really good music furnished by the band of the Thirteenth Battalion. Amongst the number were Mr. D. R. Wilkie and Mrs. Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cockshutt, Mr. John Akers, Mr. and Mrs. Cook, Judge Patterson and Mrs. Patterson, His Worship the Mayor, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Mr. A. McLean Howard and party, Mr. Thomas Hodgins, ex-M.PP., Colonel Allan, Hon. A. M. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Miller.

The recent marriage of Mrs. Hamersley, a young American widow worth millions, to the Duke of Marlborough, recalls a great many more marriages of American women to foreigners with titles. In view of the fact that the Americans who form alliances with European nobility are confined to the fair sex almost exclusively, philosophers are inclined to the belief that many of these unions are not love matches, but matrimonial partnerships for profit, on one side at least. Indeed, this has proved to be the truth of the matter in a majority of instances.

The glamor of a title has blinded many a fair girl and brought her to misery. Scoundrels who were little better than serfs in their own countries have, by false pretenses, swindling and effrontery, succeeded in effecting rich prizes among American girls of wealth and beauty. The unfortunate marriages were not all traceable to the foolishness, the vanity or the pride of the daughters. Frequently ambitious mothers, who had forgotten their humble origin in the enjoyment of new-found wealth, have instigated the matches. With few exceptions, girls who, within recent years, have married men of noble blood, have caught husbands richer in family lineage than ready funds, and in many instances the ample "dot" of the American has gone a great way toward furbishing up the baronial halls and reclaiming the ancestral acres over which she now presides.

Mrs. Hamersley was the last of them to renounce her allegiance to the American eagle by exchanging it for two tigers clawing at a coronet. Her marriage to the Duke of Marlborough is of such recent date that it is not necessary to accord it more than passing mention.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Baldwin Hands spent Sunday at Jackson's Point.

Miss Aggie Healey of Huron street is a guest of Mrs. Wright, Berlin, for the remainder of the summer months.

The Misses Archbold of Church street have gone to pass the vacation with their aunt, Mrs. E. McKenty, at Thousand Island Park and vicinity.

Miss Cumming who has been the guest of Mrs. Warring Kennedy, and Mrs. Harton Walker of St. George street, has returned to her home in Birtle, Man.

Mr. William Hamilton, manager of the Waterworks Department, took Benedictine vows on Tuesday last, and numerous friends and acquaintances offer their distinguished considerations and best wishes to himself and bride.

The party of Canadian ladies at present doing Europe under the guidance of Miss M. H. Hill of this city, will do Scotland last, and sail returning from Glasgow on August 31 by the steamer State of Pennsylvania. Mr. A. F. Webster, general passenger agent for Canada for the State Line, made arrangements for bringing the party back by this popular line.

Amongst many others attracted to the Flower Show on the first and second nights were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Darby and party, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Gregg, Mrs. John Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Larmour, ex-Ald. and Mrs. and Miss Steiner, Mr. H. J. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davies, Mr. W. W. Clough, Mrs. McMaster, Mr. and Mrs. Telfree, Dr. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Kenny, ex-Ald. and Mrs. Defoe, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Beard, Mr. H. Bourlier, ex-Reeve and Mrs. Thorne of Richland Landing, Mr. and Mrs. Northrop, Mr. E. S. Scadding, Mr. Hugh Miller, Mr. R. D. Ewing, Mr. I. C. Sakin, Mr. Jacques, Miss Jacques, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Nicholls, Mr. and Mrs. John Parks, Mr. and Mrs. Goulding, Dr. and Mrs. Lynd of Parkdale, Mr. J. F. Matthews, Mr. and Miss O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. William Black, Col. Gray, Capt. J. G. and Mrs. Beattie, Mr. H. W. and the Misses Darling.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

The grounds of the lawn tennis club were bright with players and spectators on the occasion of the match between the Barrie and Newmarket clubs. The former succeeded in pulling off everything save one double, which latter resulted in a tie when time was called. After this I will endeavor to give the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT the names and success of the e who have entered for the ladies' championship.

I met Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Barwick last week in Toronto. Miss Mercer has returned to Barrie, and now that the bright particular star of the Theaplans is twinkling once more in the histrionic heavens it is to be hoped the Thespians will govern themselves accordingly, and give the good folks of Barrie the benefit of their efforts.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lount have returned home. Mr. and Mrs. William Lount are staying at their summer residence.

An interesting budget of news for next week.

VERITAS.

OTTAWA.

Among the passengers who left Quebec by the Vancouver on Wednesday were the following Ottawa people: Mr. Horace Lee, Mr. C. J. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Fairgrieve, Mr. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Shaw, Mrs. Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Cunningham.

The marriage of Miss Wurtele, daughter of Judge Wurtele of the Quebec bench, to Lieut. Aubry, was a notable event in the adjoining town of Aylmer. Lieut. Aubry is an officer in the French warship La Minerve which came up the St. Lawrence as far as Quebec last fall. The officers toured through the country and on that journey Lieut. Aubry met his fate. The marriage was a very pretty ceremony, and was held in the quaint Catholic Church of the little French town on the lake. After a short wedding trip to portions of this continent he will bear his bride back to France.

The yacht Pomona of Brockville, belonging to Dr. Moore of that place, made the trip up the Rideau canal and arrived here on Wednesday. There were aboard Dr. and Mrs. Moore, the Misses Moore, Master Charlie Moore, Mr. John F. Wood, M.P., Mr. Wm. Mather and Miss Sullivan, daughter of Senator Sullivan of Kingston. They were a very merry party, staying at the Russell while here.

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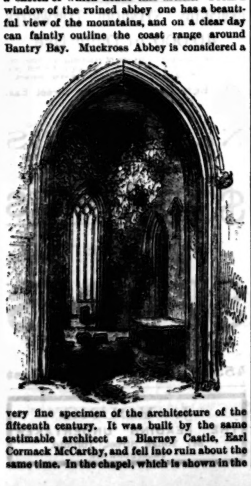
"Don" at Killarney.

HERE is much pastoral beauty but little picturesque scenery between Cork and Killarney, until the traveler nears the latter place and the brown hills begin to rise beyond the peat-beds where men, women and children are busy in the bog, piling up the squares of turf. Still nearer Killarney the hills are higher, and one can see the peak of Purple Mountain and the more distant lines of Magillicuddy's Reeks. From Killarney station a long covered way, embowered in climbing plants, leads almost to the steps of the excellent railway hotel, which stands in a little park near by. In the hotel grounds trees from all parts of the world attract the curiosity of the visitor, the oddest one being the monkey-puzzle, getting its name from the fact that it would puzzle a monkey to climb it or to get into any of its branches. The floral beauties of the spot are not surpassed in Ireland, and the hotel itself, built of stone with broad corridors, spacious smoking-rooms, and parlors and polished furniture, is a marvel of neatness and comfort. No matter where you sit, you are not an arm's length from a bell-push, and the service, and indeed the hotel itself, together with its tariff of charges, is superior to anything in Toronto, though it is located in a village of hovels, rightfully said to be the poorest town in the United Kingdom. It is managed by the Railway Company, and its arrangements for cars and boats to visit the lake is exceedingly moderate, and makes extortion impossible.

The evening of our arrival we took a car and drove out to Muckross Abbey. At the lodge gate where we enter the Herbert estate, we were requested to donate a shilling apiece to keep up the drives, which are between five and six miles in length, and, by the way, they are smoother and much superior to the average Toronto sidewalk. This immense estate, comprising some fifty thousand acres, is the property of a Mr. Herbert, but owing to his extravagance it is now managed by the money lenders who furnished him the material to strike quite a rapid gait when he was a young man. He is now harvesting his wild oat crop for the encumbrances grew so great that, with the decrease in rents, he was left unable even to pay the interest on his indebtedness, and is said to be in New York working as a book-keeper, while the Hebrew gentlemen are doing the best they know how to pay themselves while managing the land which is still in his name. The stories about the lurid life he used to lead and the causes of his separation from his wife are very interesting and would make quite a sensational novel. He is a fairly good sample of the large land-holders who claim to have been ruined by the campaign of the Land League. With so large an estate, I think I could nudge along very nicely on £2 an acre rental, while some of the land around Killarney brings as high as £6. Lord Kenmare, Herbert's next neighbor, who tore down his old castle and built a palace which cost him between seventy-five and a hundred thousand pounds, is also in debt up to his eyebrows, and finds it hard to squeeze though on the income from some hundred thousand acres, the half of which is said to be deer forest and mountain.

Better proof could not be adduced of the good taste of the ancient Irish priesthood, than the sites they have chosen for their abbeys and churches. Muckross is no exception to the rule that they had an eye for the lovely, and selected the most beautiful places for their monastic abodes. Groves of elm and beech dot the green sward which, in undulating lines, reaches the margin of the lower lake, and you can almost hear the murmur of Tor water-fall, a sketch of which heads this article. From a window of the ruined abbey one has a beautiful view of the mountains, and on a clear day can faintly outline the coast range around Bantry Bay. Muckross Abbey is considered a



very fine specimen of the architecture of the fifteenth century. It was built by the same estimable architect as Blarney Castle, Earl Cormack McCarthy, and fell into ruin about the same time. In the chapel, which is shown in the illustration, is the tomb of the noble McCarthy and many of the family. No doubt it was a stylish tomb in its day, but it is away behind the times and lacks the modern improvements which make a less commodious tomb more attractive and salable. After the abbey's restoration it became the burial place of many of the first families of the south of Ireland, whose weather-beaten epitaphs can still be read in the gray and moss-covered stones, now trodden by the vandal feet of tourists, at a shilling a trod. Massive arches surround the little quadrangle, to the right of the chapel, in which stands an immense tree, probably planted by one of the monks of McCarthy's time, as it is said to be over four hundred years old. One could almost fancy the cowled monks taking their exercise in that stone corridor, and so silent and sequestered is the spot, with nothing modern in sight, the imagination can build again the vanished roof and crumbled floors, and hear the sound of vespers through the vaulted rooms.

A short drive further on leads us through another gate-keeper's lodge, and in the high-way before us a coach awe,s past with a score of passengers who have come through the mountains over the pass at the head of the lake, from Bantry Bay. This is a favorite trip and one full of beauty, though it is nearly forty miles, and a little wearisome to those who are not provided with boiler-plate back-bones. If I were to visit the South of Ireland again, I would go from Cork to Bantry Bay and thence through the pass by coach to Killarney. A couple of Englishmen who made the trip told me it was "awfully jolly, you know." The walls on the roadside leading to Killarney are a marvel. They seem to have been built to stand a siege and large trees are growing on the tops of some of them. Others are ten or twelve feet high, covered with ivy which is so strong that a man can clamber up it without tearing away its roots, though he would be apt to tear his trousers.

In the twilight we wandered about the streets of Killarney and saw squalor, starvation and rags, until the memory of the beautiful things we had seen was almost blotted out by the horrors of want, and an undying recollection of rags, dirt and misery beyond the credulity of those who have never seen it. While nature seems to have scattered around the lakes of Killarney, with prodigal profusion, her choicest gems of beauty, the cruel fates have clustered in that squalid village every apparition of hunger, deformity and ignorant helplessness which the most distorted imagination can conceive. On the principal streets the gin-mills occupy half the space, every other door seeming to be a spirit shop; but I did not see anyone there except the store-keepers and the constabulary and the car-drivers, who had money enough to buy a gill of beer. The clothes

TOR LAKE.

that the majority of the people wore, if found in the back yard of the poorest shanty on Lombard street, would be pitchforked over the fence into the garbage barrel. You could stand and look down an alley not over six feet wide, with a score of filthy hovels on each side, half-naked children playing before the doors, ragged women leaning against the walls, and still more ragged men gossipping in groups, and not see five dollars' worth of dry-goods on the whole batch of them. I made a half-dozen inquiries as to how these people lived but nobody could tell me, except that they sometimes got a job working in the fields. There are no manufactories of any kind; the only product of the scores of dirty little alleys seems to be those famished, half-naked, unwashed children. Yet they seem contented: doubtless they have never known anything better. After looking through dozens of these lanes with their thatched hovels and poverty-stricken inhabitants, my companion pointed to the groggeries, and ventured the remark that it was easy to see that whisky was the curse of Ireland.

I believe whisky is the curse of a good many countries, but cannot see how this is especially true of Ireland. Bless your heart, the inhabitant of a Killarney hovel doesn't see sufficient money in a year to buy whisky enough to bathe the chilblains on a baby's foot!

What Ireland needs is WORK.

It is enough to make a man's heart bleed to see those poor creatures living like pigs and know that it is utterly out of their power to improve their condition. Their condition may originally have been the result of the folly and insubordination of their forefathers; it cannot be blamed on this generation.

If in America these people lived as they do in Killarney—and I am told that Killarney is only a sample of the Irish village—we might say to them, "Why don't you work?" But in their present state you might as well say, "Why don't you eat?" when they have no bread. Ireland is eminently a pastoral country. Much of the land I noticed between Cork and Belfast is in grass. The grain of America, India and Russia has made it unprofitable to raise cereals on the island. What is there in a field of grass for a laborer to do except, like Nebuchadnezzar, he get down and eat it? The hay harvest itself gives mighty little employment. It has been said that in the north of Ireland there is plenty of work, peace and contentment; why should it be different in the south? Killarney is not Belfast. There are no ships building there; there are no factories; the commercial world has nothing to do with the inland people. And as to the prosperity of the factories and mills in the north I can refer to no better authority than Mr. Pim, the head of the great house of that name in Dublin. Their wholesale dry goods establishment and Irish poplins are known all over the world. He and some other Dublin merchants were spending a little holiday at Killarney and the subject of conversation turned to shares in Belfast enterprises. They told me of concerns in which a capital of £100,000 had been invested, which had been sold for £30,000, and another £70,000 put in, and it was still a losing concern. We were not talking politics, and I have no idea of the faction the gentlemen belonged to, but they were unanimous on one point, and that was that there was not one large company in Belfast making a penny. Is it strange, then, that an inland people, removed from friction of traffic with the world, should not find profitable enterprises to engage the labor of the poor? The monied men are the land-owners, and the majority of them are absentees, and neither spend their money where they make it or invest it in manufactures. Are the inhabitants of the hovels to form a joint stock company to build a foundry, or a rolling mill or a lace factory, when they haven't money enough amongst them to start a peanut stand? The land is mostly in grass or deer parks, while they are in rags and idleness. I had often wondered why they made such a fuss in Ireland about the land. Why, if the rents are too high, don't they leave agriculture and go into some other business? There is no other business. They have too many there living off the land or starving. Just now they are mostly starving, and probably if the rest of us were getting as little to eat as they are, we would kick about as vigorously as they do.

Next morning was dull and threatened rain. Great prairies of cloud and mountains of mist were drifting high above the blue face of the lakes when we started for the Gap of Dunloe. We had engaged a car to take us as far as the mouth of the Gap to a cottage immortalized by Moore; thence we were to proceed on foot or horseback through the Gap of Dunloe and be met by a boat which would bring us lunch and back by way of the lakes. We were advised to take a guide—6 shillings extra. One gentleman was strongly recommended to us as being a fine cornet-player, who could awaken the echoes of the Gap and fill the valley with voices. It seemed cheap at six shillings, particularly when we were told that we would meet a great many beggars, and that our guide would be able to keep them away from us, and thereby more than save his hire. After what we had seen the night before, we thought we had better take a whole brass band and a squad of constabulary to remove us from the temptation to be charitable. The car-driver was a blonde and a very fluent talker. The guide was somewhat reticent, but had the happy knack of making others speak their minds very freely. Wrapped up in our overcoats and with an oilcloth over our knees, we were bowling along a level road between high stone walls, and I ventured to enquire whose estate was on either side.

"It belongs to Lord Kenmare, sir," answered the guide.

"He has the houlden av it onyway, sor," echoed the driver, with the accent on the "houlden av it."

"Has he much of a family?" I inquired.

"He has an heir, Lord Castleross, sir," answered the guide.

"Yis, sor, an' the young lord is married to the daughter av a Jew, or a money-linder—as rich as the divil himself, sor. But there's no reduction av the rints, sor."

The guide went on to tell us that there had been another son, who was dead, got hurt in a railway accident.

"And he was a foine fellow, sor," continued the driver, "an' his death was a visitashun on his lordship for his oppression av the poor."

"How much rent does he get for that land there?" I asked.

"Six pounds an acre, sir."

"Yis, sor, an' it's sub-let for more than that, sor, for petaty patches, sor."

"You don't mean to tell me he gets that for all his land?" I asked.

"No, the most of it is let for four or five pounds an acre. He only gets six pounds for choice pieces near the village. That farm beyant the hill brings four pounds an acre. I don't know of any let for less."

On one side of the road lay the land at six pounds an acre if the guide was truthful,—and he was the servant of the railway company who own the hotel—while on the other side was a vast deer-cover, the land I presume equally good, but not yielding a cent of income to the owner or providing work for any of the poor.

We passed a long, low-backed car—that is it had no back at all—containing three men and as many women, fairly well-dressed. "I suppose that these are tenant farmers?" I ventured interrogatively.

"No sir, answered the guide, they have a potato patch up there, but they are not what

UPPER LAKE.

we would call farmers. They have been to Killarney to see a neighbor off to America.

"I suppose a good many people from here go to America?"

"Dade there are, sor, ejaculated the driver without waiting to give the guide a chance. "There isn't a railway platform in Oireland, sor, but what this blessid mornin' there's mothers an' fathers an' brothers an' swate-hearts hangin' onto the neck av some poor bye goin' off to Ameriky. The sound av their wapin' an' cryin' niver ends from mornin' till night, sor, and if yez were on top of Carn Tual, sor, and could say thim all, sor, it would milt the heart av you if it was as hard as you boulder, sor. An' if yez could look into the cabin that the bye left this mornin', sor, ye would find the father av him ahushin' th' guld woman for her cryin' because her bye had gone to Ameriky an' she will niver say him agin, sor. For dade it seems a long way from here, sor, to thim as has niver been there, sor."

The guide said nothing for a moment and then inquired if we were going to travel much in Ireland.

"Perhaps a week."

"If you will notice at the railway stations as you pass them on the trains, sir, you will see plenty of what he tells you, sir. Watch for the tin box with a rope tied round and round it, and you won't have to look far for a man or woman with some one hangin' round their neck and cryin', sir."

I watched, and, as he said, saw plenty of it.

The sun came out. High over the clouds we could see the mountains. The guide instantly pointed them out.

"The peak to your right, sor, is Purple Mountain, named from the color of it, sor, as you will see when you get closer. The third and right hand one is Carn Tual, 3,410 feet above the level of the sea, sir, the highest peak in all Ireland, sir."

"D'ye see yan white house over there, sor, not the first little wan, but the one bechune those clumps av trees, sor, that was the house of The O'Donoghue, sor," continued the irrepressible politician who held the reins.

"Who was The O'Donoghue?" I asked.

"Dade, sor, I thought yez had all heard of The O'Donoghue, sor. He was a great politician in his toime, sor, but he sould us all, sor. He was wanst the idol av the people, sor, like O'Connell and Parnell, sor."

The guide ventured to differ. He had never seen the man yet who could point out anything The O'Donoghue ever did deserving the name of treachery. They discussed the point at some length, till the guide put his foot on it, and proceeded to give us the history of The O'Donoghue who was once a wealthy man and the leader of the Irish Nationalists, but, having spent all his money he came to live on this farm. He was of a very old family, the most direct descendant of Brian Boru or McCarthy, I forget which, but was now living in Paris or the continent somewhere. "An' small loss to Oireland, sor," interposed the driver.

The scenery was beautiful. A small girl and a still smaller boy were running after the car.

"Tubby a bok, sor, tubby a bok, sor."

We were so wrapped up in our overcoats and the conversation of the driver that we disregarded the importunities of the children, partially because we failed to understand what they were saying. The driver looked at us out of the corner of his eye, apparently in wonder that we were so hard-hearted. The guide gave the children a good chance to see if we were going to give up anything and then he remonstrated with them. "Go back there, now," he cried, "or I'll take the whip to you."

"Tubby a bok, sor; tubby a bok, sor; tubby a bok, sor," continued to issue at regular intervals from the panting children. We had driven about half a mile and they were still at the tail of the cart. "Tubby a bok, sor; tubby a bok, sor." Their eyes commenced to bulge out but they were in good trim and ran well. At the end of the second half-mile, "tubby a bok, sor; tubby a bok, sor," came a little thickly but still more plaintively, and the boy looked wild and the girl ran with her hand held up, her bare feet missing the sharp stones as if by instinct.

"Tubby a bok, sor; tubby a bok, sor."

"Don't give them anything, sir; it will encourage them all the rest of the season. You are the second party that has come along so far this spring, and they will all stick to you like leeches."

"Is that Irish they are talking?" I asked.

"O, no sir, that's English."

"Well, what does 'tubby a bok, sor,' mean?"

"To buy a book, sir. They are asking for a penny to buy a book. They find that catches the American quicker than anything else. It is very few who will refuse them a chance to get an education, sir, though indeed the money doesn't go for that."

"Dade it don't, sor," exclaimed the driver. "It goes to kape their father and mother from starvin', sor."

The driver was evidently in sympathy with the children, so we gave up something "tubby a bok, sor."

Before the children had left us we overtook a comely young damsel with bare feet and bare head, her brown hair sometimes falling down over a pair of as sweet Irish eyes as ever gave a cunning glance from under their long black lashes. I confess I took quite a notion to that girl. She had nothing to say, trudging along modestly and looking as if she had had a bath more recently than some of the young ladies we had met the evening before in Killarney.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" inquired my companion.

"To the Gap of Dunloe, sir," she said. Her voice was as sweet as the tones of a flute.

Little did I suspect the designs she had on us. When the car went a little faster she jogged along without permitting the distance between us to increase. My companion thought he had made a mash. I tried to get even by asking her if she would accept a shilling, not for its intrinsic value, but for the sentiment it was intended to convey, and as a token of the esteem with which I had learned to hold her during our brief but very romantic acquaintance. She held up her hand with the *naive* remark, "Indade I wouldn't mind takin' it a bit, sor; an' wan from the other gintleman too, sor." He immediately produced and

went me a shilling better. At the cottage of the Colleen Bawn a lady came out and offered to give us as a favor a glass of "mountain-dew" and goat's milk. I asked if it was made right there in the mountains. She assured me that it was. "Nivir a penny has it paid excise, sor; it's the rale mountain-dew, sor. It'll make yez feel as young as Mary here, sor," and she patted the girl on the shoulder.

I sampled it. The goat's milk was probably all right; I am not sufficiently familiar with goat's milk to be considered a connoisseur, but before I began to lead a different life I was considered a tolerably good judge of whisky, and I fear Eilly O'Connor—for that same was the name of the lady whose picture is here given—was imposing on me. It had the same fiery taste that the whisky had which I saw a man sampling in Cork. I asked her what was the charge for two g.m.'s and m.d's.

"What ye like, sor."

"Will a shilling do?"

"Just as ye plase, sor. Wud ye lolke the droiver and the guide to hav' some, sor, an' the two min over there that hav' yer horses, sor?" I hurriedly gave her three shillings before she roped in the whole crowd on the treat.

There is a curiosity-shop at the mouth of the Gap, and before we entered the driver called me to one side and whispered: "If yez hav' five thousand pounds wid ye, sor, ye can spind it all in there, sor, an' I'll take back all yez get in the bottom of me car-r-r, sor."

We looked into the door and hurried away, for fear a sense of propriety would force us to make some purchases. Then we mounted our horses. Mine was a yellow one with long hair, which hadn't been combed for several seasons. He was a very corpulent animal with short legs; I had to hold up my feet when we passed a rock, for fear I would stub my toes. The other pony was smaller still, and when he gazed at Patterson there was a sad, far-away look in his eyes, as if he were resolved to do his duty, even if he didn't hope to live through it. When my friend got firmly fixed in the saddle, the bunch of burs between the horse's ears looked like a button-hole bouquet on the bay-window of my friend's vest. I have read in one

(Continued on Page Ten.)

THE TIDE-LANDS.

Describing how Miss Vanderpool came to her Own.

Miss Vanderpool came down the steps of her lodging house and stood looking about her with an expression of discontent on her high-bred face. It was not a very genteel quarter. The paint was off in patches, and one of the faded green blinds hung on a single hinge. The steps were worn and the little front area was used as a depository for wood and coal. There were a pair of dirty faces at the basement windows, and outside of the door Sairy Ann, the Gorgon's eldest, watched her depart with undisguised curiosity. Possibly she knew that Miss Vanderpool's rent for her single room, third story in the rear, was a week overdue. She might have been stationed there as a spy by the Gorgon, her mother, to see that no recreant lodger contrived to slip off, bag and baggage, without a formal parting. She need not give herself any concern on Miss Vanderpool's account, that lady reflected. Her piano, the one article of value among her possessions, was enough too carry off the debt of a steam mortgaged up to its full value. Why was it that people never exhibited any conscience or honor about their music teacher's bills, as they did about their butcher's and washerwomen's? Why was it that she, respected and admired as the rich Miss Vanderpool, could find no market for her accomplishments and she must earn her daily bread? Why did every one take advantage of her and cheat her, down to the pawnbroker who had taken her mother's piece of jewelry saved from her financial wreck? She was faint and hungry, and a gnawing pain that was new to her, reminded her that she had lived on bread and water for six weeks, and that she had been on short rations for the last few days. If she had been a soldier, now, she would have withstood it right nobriously, for there was martial blood in her veins. But to suffer it for no heroic reason, in nothing but the common way! The thought humiliated her, and she put it aside.

She was walking down the street, lined with low cottages, when she stopped before one of the poorest and meanest, where the little blue, just budding in the front-yard, gave evidence of some little refinement on the part of the occupants. But it was not this that attracted Miss Vanderpool's attention. Floating from the door-knob, she beheld a little piece of thin white crepe, tied with narrow ribbon, the was banner of sorrow. This was the cottage where the two little girls had looked out upon her, with laughing faces, every day as she passed by. Only yesterday they had blown kisses from the window. Now one was gone. The shock bore down upon her with all the sense of a personal loss.

She pushed the gate open and went up the steps. A woman opened the door and led her to a darkened room. It was the custom of the neighborhood to give ready admission to visitors at such a time. In a little white coffin lay the younger of the two children. Beside it sat the father and mother, the woman sobbing quietly, the father with his arm about her, and in his lap the remaining child, who had cried herself to sleep in his arms.

"I am so sorry," said Miss Vanderpool, gently; "is there anything I can do?"

The moment she spoke she regretted it. The mother uncovered her face and looked at pitiously, then shrank from the strange visitor.

"Nothing, nothing," she moaned, unless you could bring back my child."

"There, there, Emily," said the man, patting her kindly; "'don't take on so. It's hard on all of us. We've got to bear it together."

Miss Vanderpool's eyes were wet as she went silently out of the room and closed the door behind her. It had been a mistake, her coming. They had plainly resented her intrusion. If only she could have done something for them, could have given them some testimony of her sympathy. To lose a little child was part of your very own must be hard, but doubly hard when poverty and want are attendant upon sorrow. The room had been so bare. There was not a flower about the coffin. Miss Vanderpool had been accustomed to see grief smothered in costliest offerings, and this little scenario was going to her last year's bonnet so much as a flower in her little hands—the tiny hands that had thrown kisses to her but yesterday.

She wished that she could get some flowers for that dead baby. It was April, and there were none in the city gardens, just recovering from the shock of a severe Canadian winter. She had no money to buy them from a florist. Up in the great house on the bluff that had been her home there was a conservatory, and in it there was a magnificent climbing rose that she had planted herself, years gone by, and nurtured into a vigorous growth. Out of all her riches that she had lost at the moment she wished only for one of the large pointed buds, with its petals half unfolded, shut in a little tower of green leaves. But that was out of the question. Not even for this sacred purpose could she ask any favors from the people in the house on the hill.

A little later and there would be plenty of wild flowers outside the town. The violets always came first. Nay, it was already the last of April, and with the warm days and the clear sunshine of the past two weeks, the violets must be already out. She quickened her steps at the thought. Presently she ran through the town and cut a narrow channel down the bluffs, on its way to the sea. Near the foot of the bluffs there was a narrow bench of land stretching between the hills and the tide-lands, and there beside the brook she had gathered early spring violets since childhood. If she walked quickly she could easily get there and back again before the night had closed down.

To reach the place she had to pass through the business portion of the town. She went swiftly along, looking to neither right nor left, she was surprised to have some one accost her.

"Miss Vanderpool!"

It was John Ashton, whom she had not seen since the day that she found her father's name dishonored and herself beggared and homeless. He had asked her to be his wife and she had refused. Was it because she had known him as a poor boy, born in the lowest walks of society, while the Vanderpools had inherited the wealth and high standing of many generations? Or was it because she elected to bear her poverty and disgrace alone? She flushed now as she recognized him.

"One minute," he said.

"Not now. I can not wait," she insisted, and he stepped back without a word.

What could he wish to see her for? She remembered what he had said that time. "If you were rich and honored I should have been too proud to address you." She had overheard the speech then. Recalling it now she could not help admitting that it did honor to John Ashton. She was thinking of John Ashton the boy, the little ragged fellow who used to do chores about her father's house, picking up an education at the public schools, devoting him self to her service on holidays. She fashioned the man was a separate entity, and she had never trusted herself to analyze her impressions of him. He was liked and trusted by all men, and very probably admired by women. She knew his errand to the place. He was a celebrated engineer now, and had come down to take charge of a great project for reclaiming the tide-lands. People called the enterprise "the march of improvement," but Miss Vanderpool hated the march of improvement and did not care for benefits to commerce, but liked best the wide stretch of salt marshes with their rusty vegetation, their black pools and flitting frogs. She was coming to them now, for her path lay along their border, and soon she was beside them, and drew a long breath, inhaling the fresh ocean with its briny smell. She looked out to sea, where the luminous glow along the horizon commemorated the going down of the sun, and sullen clouds above presaged the gathering of a storm. She hoped, with a twing of pity new to her that it might be clear for an hour or two on the morrow, that the burial of the little child might not be made drearier by double skies and a driving rain. Not far away, on the marsh, surrounded by broad pools which reflected the distant glow in the west, and which gave the easy of a steam derrick and a low, barge-like shape that seemed to be anchored in the mud. She did not give herself much time to speculate now. Night was fast falling, and a little ahead she saw the tiny brook she sought. But think a moment! Was it the right place? She hesitated for an instant in doubt and perplexity, then looked quickly about to determine her bearings by some familiar landmarks. There on the bluff were the square outlines of her old home, just visible against the sky; and there off to the right, far beyond, were the harbor lights. Just a little further on, then a sharp turn to the left, to climb up the rocks to the little bench that lay between the bluffs and the shore, and see should find the flowers. She pressed hurriedly on to gain the place before it should be wholly dark. She knew a way up the bluffs, a steep and winding path, by which she could gain the lighted upper street when she was done. If only she could get to that little piece the dewy, spring flowers, with their faint, sweet odor and their fresh, sheltering leaves! All worldly thoughts seemed to fall away from her, the weight of disappointment and care was lifted from her heart, and she felt like an eager child, bent on her innocent quest.

But when she came to the solid ground giving way beneath her feet, every step taking her deeper and deeper into a bottomless ooze, her feet drawn down by the lead of her long weights! This was not the way it used to be along the banks of the little brook. In a moment the full horror of the situation dashed upon her. Deceived by the distant glut or rendered careless by her own wandering thoughts, she had strayed further from the town than she had supposed, and what she had mistaken for the little brook was really an estuary of the sea, bordered by treacherous bogs, a portion of the great waste of tide land which the company was seeking to reclaim. Quick and sharp came other recollections. She remembered that children had been lost there when at play. She remembered that every now and then some man or woman had mysteriously disappeared from sight and knowledge, and it had been whispered about that they had been seen walking along the border of the tide-lands. But these were people of the lower classes, about whom the Vanderpools had given themselves little concern. She remembered now—ah, how sharply!—that she had read with a curling lip that portion of the young engineer's argument before the harbor commissioners, when he was pleading for permission to go on with his work, wherein he had advanced, as one of his strongest pleas, that many lives would be saved by the completion of the enterprise. And now she, Judith Vanderpool, the last of her name, was about to succumb to this most unheroic destiny. It was better so. She would have chosen this very way of death, if she might. She had been tortured by one dread, over and over again, during these years of poverty and privation, and she gave a little hysterical laugh as she remembered it now. If she should have broken down and died in the midst of her unsuccessful struggle she had not the wherewithal to buy her funeral shroud. Now no one would know, no one would care.

Oh, the terror of it! Not death. Many were there who would know her and greet her gladly; father, mother, brother, friends of her childhood—the only friends she had kept. But that last thought! To drop out and never be missed; to leave behind her not a human being who would care. Why should she grieve over it now? She had, of her own will, separated herself from all human interests; she had never cared for human companionship or love.

But, oh God! she did care. She knew it now. Face to face with this terrible and lonely death she had come to a knowledge of herself. Nursing her foolish pride and family traditions, measuring all the world by false standards, she had wronged herself most of all. What was it that had so touched her in the humble home she had just left, breaking down the barriers of her own reserve, drawing her on and out of herself, until she longed to claim some little part in it? What was it that gave the glad and sacred atmosphere of pure family affection? Oh, her life had been empty; empty. And the one human love that she might have had—she knew it now—this man she had left a happy woman, she had scornfully rejected. Oh, if she could only live her life over, if she could take up the thread of her broken again with cleared vision and humbled heart.

It was then that she sent up her first and only cry for help. Hitherto she had been silently resigning herself to death with a calmness and dignity befitting a Vanderpool. Now a prolonged and mournful cry went out over the marshes, startling the sea birds from their nests and wheeled aimlessly about against the darkening sky. The cry was taken up and answered from out of the marshes. There was a sudden commotion about the barge, lanterns flashed outside, and by their light she could see dark forms moving about. But she—she was sinking, sinking——

When she came to herself she was in her own little room. It was very quiet and comfortable. Her landlady flitted in and out, with a look of honest concern on her careworn face. So the world was not so hard, after all. She—the Gorgon's lodger, had died in her delirium and lodger was alive, and said no word about the rent overdue. Somebody had pulled the lounge, on which she lay, into the stove, and there was a fire there, the first for many weeks, for her own fuel had given out in February, and she had been freezing ever since—freezing heart and body. It was a fire that was burning on the stove, that sent such a delicious fragrance through the room!

"Now, my dear," said the Gorgon, pouring something into a clumsy earthen cup and handing it to her, "just you take this cup of coffee and bit of hot roll, and it'll set you up in no time. You've been looking peaked and mile'able this long time. Folks that feeds theirselves don't take no proper care. I've been thinking, this long while, that I'd just take your living along of me and give pianny lessons to my Sairy Ann—but I hardly dared ask it, you being sich a fine player and she having no instrument unless you'd maybe let her come up and practice times when you was in and could watch and see she didn't dirty the pearl keys or split 'em——" Homely and rough as she was, there was a delicate flush on her thin cheek as she checked herself in her bold presumption.

"Didn't dare ask it!" Miss Vanderpool would have acted as the child's nurse, scrubbed floors, washed dishes, if she had asked it. The backbone of her pride was broken. But what was the woman saying now?

"And now, if you'll let me tidy up a bit, and make things half-way decent, for the gentleman's been waiting to see you this long time."

"The gentleman! What gentleman?" Miss Vanderpool was not used to callers. The landlady answered her inquiry:

"Why, who but him that saved you! Him that brought you here in his arms, looking like dead and all covered with mud—and a pretty sight you were, Miss Vanderpool. And awful work it was cleaning you up, if you be a lady!"

What made Miss Vanderpool's face aflame and her heart beat so? It might be any one of a thousand men. There was no reason, no reason in the world, she told herself, why it should be any particular one.

Yet, as luck would have it, it was John Ashton! No, not luck. Chance rarely favors such men as he. All that they have is won by hard endeavor, and persistent faith, and dogged watchfulness. Luck is more apt to buffet them, till out of all the slumbering forces in them and show the stuff of which they are made. He had turned and followed Miss Vanderpool at a respectful distance, that afternoon he had seen her in the street, saw her go toward home, and he had some old-fashioned notions, now almost out of date, prejudicial to a woman's going about at night, unprotected upon the streets. When he saw the lonely direction in which she was tending he had followed still more resolutely, for he knew the character of the men along the water-front better than she. And who could tell whom she might meet in that wretched place at such an hour? When she stopped to look seaward he had gone down over the marsh, both because he had some instruction to give to his foreman and because he feared she would discover him in turning back. He had been first to hear the wild, beseeching cry, and to realize its purport; to start out with a party of men provided with lanterns, planks, ropes, everything needful; to man a boat and row fiercely up the slough, flooded at high-tide, cleaving to the spot where a human life—a precious to him, was going out; to throw himself out upon the morass, bracing himself on the planks they had brought, and finally, like the true knight he was, to gather the unconscious girl in his arms, covered with mud as she was, and wrapping his coat about her, bear her to the place she called her home.

But John Ashton was not the man to claim any recompense for the service he had rendered. The more serious her peril, the greater the risk he ran on her behalf, the more need that he should be delicate and distant in all his bearing toward her; that he should try to make her forget he had ever pressed any claims upon her. He would not have come now had he been his own free agent. He saw that the moment he opened the door she shrank from her own thoughts. He surmised the look upon her face, and interpreted it in his own way. So she disliked him so much that it galled her to think that he had put her under such obligations. Well, well! If he had had time to consider, it might have been better to have left it to one of the men, or, at least to have concealed his own connection with it.

You are feeling better, Miss Vanderpool?"

There was not a note in his voice beyond the ordinary requirements of courtesy. She answered him in kind.

"Quite well now, I thank you. Won't you be seated?" motioning him to a chair.

"I thank you." But he still remained standing, his hat in his right hand, his left hand—was it her fancy, or were the fingers clenched? Her glance rested beside him.

"I came," he said, in a matter-of-fact way, "about a matter of business. I tried to speak to you on the street to-day. You were not willing to listen. You were right. It was not the proper place."

"You mistook. It wasn't that. I was preoccupied; I couldn't have talked then—with any one," she explained, hurriedly, and in a low voice. He scarcely noticed her words and did not at all comprehend them, but went on, in a formal business way:

"A matter of business. I was authorized to conduct some negotiations with you. The concern the Vanderpool estate."

Weak as she was and broken as she was, she could not suppress a little laugh, only half mirthful but wholly scornful, at the Vanderpool estate! What had there been of it, since she came into possession of it, but an inextricable tangle of debt and litigation, lapsed contracts, and forfeited rights!

"Now that we have got ready for work we are in a position to negotiate for the tide-lands. There are seventy acres belonging to the Vanderpool estate. I am empowered to make you the following offer."

He drew a paper from his pocket and named a sum which took Miss Vanderpool's breath away. Enough to restore the lost glory of the Vanderpools. Enough—more than enough—to buy back the old home where her mother had died and she was born; enough to restore her to the life of affluence to which she had been bred; enough to place her forever beyond the reach of the petty privations and racking cares that had sat so heavily upon her but yesterday. She raised herself up on one elbow and looked at him. Her eyes, always large, shone with an unnatural brilliance. He thought her exulting over her restoration to wealth and power.

"I won't ask you for an answer now," he said; "perhaps you would better consult a lawyer. May I say to the company that you will give your answer in writing?"

He was moving toward the door, not even waiting for her answer, for he had determined to give her no opportunity to refer to the events of the day. He was arrested by a single word:

"John!"

No woman ever speaks in such a way to a man she does not love, but the men do not always understand. John Ashton did not understand. He came back and stood by her side, looking down doubtfully into the shining eyes raised to his own, then turned quickly away. He was only a man, after all, and he had some bitter recollections to steel him against any betrayal of weakness. Besides, she was a rich woman now, richer than she had been in the days when he had asserted that he would have been too proud to ask her to share his life.

"John, are you going—so?" He understood then; slowly at first, with a dawning apprehension of all the words meant to him and to her. Then heaven itself seemed to open to him, as he gathered her into his arms.

Had any other Vanderpool ever made overtures to the man she loved? Would the cheeks of dead and gone Vanderpools have reddened with mortification could they but have witnessed this shameless betrayal of her heart? Somehow Miss Vanderpool was so happy that she did not care. And as for the money—

"It would have seemed like a curse if it had parted us, dear," she said.

Our Servant Girl.

We hired her, but she could not cook;
She knew not how to make a bed,
And I will swear upon the book
She could not bake a loaf of bread.

She into corners swept the dust;
And a dustpan she had never;
The range took on a coat of rust;
Pots, pans and kettles were unclean.

Till it was black she boiled the tea;
The pan in which she broiled the fish
She used unclean for fricasee—
At every meal she broke a dish.

Although in splendid health, and strong;
Of work she seemed to be afraid
She never cleaned the lamps, as long
As she could see without their aid.

About her rights, she had no doubt,
And she did not fear them to speak,
She wanted every Sunday out
And three nights also every week.

My wife to her becoming cool,
She left us—sulky, sad and sick,
She's now instructress in a school
For training servant girls, I think.

No Peace in the Grave.

Fritz Heiner is a professional grave-digger of a Texas town. He did not always pay his taxes promptly, and one day while he was hard at work digging a grave, and had got down about five feet into the bowels of the planet, he perceived a dark shadow between himself and the sun. Looking up, he perceived a deputy-sheriff.

"Vat's de madder now?"

"I've got a notice to serve on you for not paying your taxes!"

"Mine Gott!" exclaimed the unfortunate man, protruding his head from the hole in the ground, "a man has no peace even ven he vas in dot grave. Vat a goontry! vat a peebles!"

Husbands and Wives.

"A man is a born bachelor, but women are intended to be wives."

"Marriage is a wife from whom came this convincing aphorism. The profanity of the remark plunged every one into silence. Thus encouraged, she went out on:

"Now, I'll prove it to you. A man will leave his wife darning a sock by the fire and with a merry heart go down to a lot of men to eat, smoke, drink and play billiards and come home at nobody knows what hour. See! If a woman tried to imitate him on her own ground in half an hour she would be engulfed in remorse and swim home in her own tears."

"Bravo! I feel as if I was on a yacht deck in a gale," exclaimed the party of the other part. "Now, look here. A man marries. He stays home five evenings in a week and a woman thinks nothing of it. But on the sixth evening, when he promises to go off with some men, all at once she feels dreadfully neglected. Of course I don't mean my wife, who is the most generous-minded of women."

This he repeated twice, to make sure that it was heard by that person drumming on the window-pane.

"Is it reasonable to ask you to expect that a man will give up men whom he has known and loved for twenty years for a woman he has known only for two years, or, perhaps, only six months. Nor can a man take his wife on such expeditions. It wouldn't be the same thing at all.

"And besides," he continued, warmed by his own eloquence, "no man can afford to give up the companionship of men from a business point of view. I've no money to squander, you well know. Yet, in the last two weeks I've spent fifty dollars in eating and drinking with men. Now, I don't call that fifty a loss as an investment which I expect will yet bring me five hundred dollars. But you can't get a woman to take that point of view. She sees only the agreeable aspect, which she doesn't share."

He glanced cautiously around and then proceeded:

"I say to my man, 'We might as well talk this over a good dinner and get some fun out of it anyway.' It isn't a bribe. It only gives me a better chance to unfold my plans and to know my man. Then after dinner we smoke, play pool, or go to the theater. The man or men know I'm not trying to impose the thing or force them to commit themselves. The matter is discussed, then dropped, and we proceed as if it had been our only object to amuse ourselves. You can see for yourself that this sociability and conviviality among men alone, which is what women object to, is really an agreeable part of commercial life."

"Don't you think so ingenious a statement might do good if more widely circulated?" asked the third person, a silent listener.

Luck.

"If the face in the moon
Wear a frown—that's luck!
Luck will be poor till the month shall pass!
If the face in the moon
Wear a smile—why, then,
Luck will be good till it frown again."

So runs a verse
That I used to say;
I have learned it, alas,
In another way:

"If a face be marred
By a frown—that's luck!
Luck will be poor till the frown shall pass!
If a face be bright
With a smile—why, then,
Luck will be good till it frowns again."

If the first be true
'Twould be hard to say;
But the last, if you will,
You can prove each day.

Got There Too Late.

A citizen yesterday stood on the steps of a Griswold street bank gazing at something across the street. While thus occupied a pedestrian halted, ascended a step or two, and other citizen did the same, said:

"Being, you know, as I haven't had anything to eat for two days, I didn't know but you could spare me a dime."

The citizen did not lower his eyes by an inch.

"Presume the cashier gave you all bills, you know," continued the man. "Not that I'm pleased to hunt around in your pockets I've no doubt you'd find a dime."

Not a sign that he was heard or seen.

"I mean no offence. It's a great favor, I assure you. Purty tough, you know, to tackle a job on an empty stomach. I've got $50 worth of work waiting for me as soon as I can get a meal."

And yet no sign.

"It's only a loan, you know. A loan to be returned to-morrow. I hate to ask it, Colonel, but there's no other way for me. If you should happen to have a quarter it would be all the same—a loan."

The Colonel seemed hewn out of marble.

"Hope you'll excuse me," continued the man, "but I happened to see you as I passed. There's no particular hurry, you know, but the sooner I get the money the sooner I can fill up and go to work."

The Colonel now made a move to raise his umbrella.

"The cashier would doubtless change a bill for you if you asked him to do it, sir. This is a fine rain, Colonel! Things must be looking nice in the country! Make it a half, Colonel, and I'll be around Saturday."

The Colonel descended the steps as rigid as a poker.

"I'll take your address," said the man, as he followed behind, "because I'm very particular about repaying borrowed money. I might telegraph to my brother in Buffalo, but he might not be home, you know! Now, Colonel, if you would be so kind as to hand out—"

The Colonel joined the procession and disappeared, and after looking up and down the street for a minute, the tramp said:

"I might as well quit right here. Some one has worked this town before on my patent racket, and he didn't even leave a good name behind."

He Continues to Drink.

"Well, does your husband still drink?"

"Yes, mother, and it is worrying the life out of me."

"Did you try the plan of breaking him of the habit that I suggested to you?"

"Yes."

"Did you put whisky in his coffee?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said I was the only woman he had seen since his mother died who knew how to make coffee as it should be made."

Collapse of mother-in law and triumph of husband.

A Willing Servant.

Mistress (to cook)—Your name, Mary, and my daughter's being the same makes matters somewhat confusing. Now, how do you like, say, the name of Bridget?

Cook—Shure, mum, an' it's not mesilf that's particular. Olim willin to call the young leddy onythin' you loike.

Where the Fault Lay.

"Deacon Spiggles," said a country minister after services, "how do you account for the very poor collection taken up this morning?"

"Well, I dunno, Dominie," replied the Deacon, scratching his chin, "'pless 'twas the sermon."

Overheard at Ascot on Cup Day.

Robinson—Hallo, Brown! How are you? Why, man, you're tight, ain't you?

Brown—Fac' ish, I cam' down in a brake wi' jolly lot of fellowsh, and they 'gan bettin' drinksh on th' big rashe, and cosh they thought they could trusht me, I've been holding the shtakes, that's all, old man. By-bye.

Something Handsome.

Lady (to floor walker)—I want to look at something very handsome in the way of striped silk stockings.

Floor walker—Yes, madam. (To saleswoman)—Miss Parker, will you show this lady that new line of windy weather goods.

How They Would Economize.

Prince Pumpernickel—Darling Mees Elsie, I loaf you. Pe mine. I am not von uf Sharmany's richest brinces, but I haf four tousand thalers a year.

Miss Elsie—Why, pa gives $5,000 a year to our cook.

Prince P.—Vell, marry me, und I vill do de cooking.

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How Freddy Balmoral Got "Warned Off."

Money-lenders are accustomed to unexpected visions, and Morris Phillips was no exception to the rule. On the contrary, in the course of his long and prosperous career he had come across the most unlikely customers, and he now and then boasted that the names of Cabinet Ministers were on his books, and he had discounted an accommodation bill for a bishop, and had even enjoyed the patronage of more than one of her Majesty's judges. Be all this true or not, there was no doubt that he was respected as a master of his craft; his *confreres* admired him as a Napoleon of usury, and those who borrowed his money admitted that if his terms were high he played no hanky-panky, and was as straight as a line in all his transactions. Besides, his secrecy could be relied on most implicitly, and this, of course, was a great point in his favor. He frequently asserted that nothing ever surprised him, yet when his clerk announced "Mr. Scorcher," Morris Phillips was most certainly astonished.

After the preliminary "good-mornings" had been exchanged the money lender naturally asked, "What can I do for you?"

"I don't want to borrow any money," replied Scorcher, laughing; "it is rather the other way."

Morris Phillips did not for a moment expect that the wealthy Newmarket jockey had come to borrow. Report, which in these cases is nearly always accurate, credited this eminent rider with the possession of a large fortune, made by his professional ability, shrewd judgment and—otherwise. Nor would the money-lender have done any business with him in that way. He was much too respectable a person to condescend to dealing with stable-boys, no matter how high they might have risen on the race-course. However, it was no use anticipating matters, and so Mr. Phillips puffed away at his cigar, waiting for Scorcher to unfold his tale.

"Have you seen Mr. Balmoral lately?" asked the jockey at last.

"Yes—that is, no—really, you must not ask me about my clients. What I do here and whom I see here are professional secrets. I don't ask you your business when I meet you at Sandown, and you must not ask me mine."

"Well, then," said Scorcher, "I'll put it in another way. Mr. Balmoral is a very good master of mine, and I know he owes you a load of money, and you need not deny it."

Mr. Phillips acquiesced. The fact was, Mr. Balmoral did owe him a great deal more than he thought safe. The transactions had been renewed many times, and he heartily wished that he was well out of the bills. Still he let the jockey do all the talking.

"I have come here," continued he, "to ask you to lend him some more—not much; just two or three thousand to carry him over a bad time."

"Not another shilling!" said Phillips vehemently. "I told him so yesterday, and I am surprised at his sending you to push the matter."

"But he didn't—I came of my own accord."

"Then I consider you are taking a great liberty with both of us, and I shall tell Mr. Balmoral what you have done." The money-lender was quite indignant, and angry, too, that a trade secret should have been snatched from him.

"Let us see if we cannot come to some friendly understanding, Mr. Phillips," replied Scorcher insinuatingly, drawing his chair nearer that of his host. "I did not come to annoy you, but to talk business straight, and, if possible, to make an arrangement with you good for us both. I suppose you do still lend you are Mr. Balmoral's only creditor, do you?"

A new light broke upon Mr. Phillips. "He has been borrowing from you?" he asked.

"Yes; and as he pays me only five per cent. interest, and I suppose he pays you something like sixty, I am deeper in the mire than you are, eh!"

Mr. Scorcher was beginning to make himself understood.

"Then you would like to take over my bills, I presume, and so get a higher average rate of interest?"

The jockey laughed. This was a match between Greek and Greek, and the tug of war was imminent. It was certain that Scorcher could not get the better of Phillips, and Phillips felt that any attempt to get the better of Scorcher would be wasted labor. Yet the proposal looked like business. Here were two large creditors of the unfortunate Balmoral—how his ears must have tingled!—both greedy men, and both a little doubtful as to the ultimate safety of their investments. Was Scorcher to say frankly what he wanted first, or was Phillips to open out? The two glared at each other for some minutes, and then, as though simultaneously, decided to take off their masks. Scorcher spoke:

"The fact is, Mr. Phillips, I want you to lend my money to Mr. Balmoral. Of course, I'll make it a matter of business. You discount his bills for, say, another five thousand; charge him sixty—did you say forty? I am sure I beg your pardon" (Mr. Phillips was most particular on these points)—"charge him forty per cent., and I'll take them off your hands at thirty."

"You shall have all mine at that rate, and willingly; but Mr. Balmoral must never know that they have left my possession."

After about an hour's interview the two came to what they were pleased to consider an equitable agreement, though this might not have been the unfortunate Balmoral's view of the matter. It was agreed that Morris Phillips should act as Scorcher's agent in the further advances, receiving for so doing a share of the interest, and the bills, when discounted, were to be handed over to the jockey, whose property they were.

"I shall tell Mr. Balmoral," said the frank Phillips, "that this is not my own money, but that I am lending for a friend."

"And you won't mention my name?"

"Of course not."

And so the meeting ended, each satisfied that he had got a little better of the bargain.

Freddy Balmoral was somewhat surprised to receive a note from Phillips, begging the favor of an early call at York street, St. James'. The letters between them generally passed the other way. But he responded at once, for he was on excellent terms with his "pet Jew," and, after the decided refusal of a few days ago, was still more astonished when Mr. Phillips informed him that, "after thinking over the matter, and discussing it with a confidential friend, they had come to the conclusion that Mr. Balmoral could have some more money;" but he added, "I do not want you to be under any misapprehension; it is my friend's money, not mine. I will go no further personally."

"I don't care a farthing who lends," replied Balmoral gaily; "he will get his interest, and by and by his principal; so hand us over the stamps, Phillips, and I'll sign my name across them as per usual. A couple of those, will be enough, and I sha'n't see a bob of it. Scorcher, the jockey, settled my account last week, and I have to pait him straight."

A little chat and a big cigar, a check, a signature, a tip for the Derby, and this matter was completed. Phillips, who never really respected a man who had not got a little the better of him in business, wrote to Scorcher to inform him what he had done, and promised to send on the bill on receipt of his check for so much, reflecting the while, "What a splendid Chancellor of the Exchequer the jockey would have made, who quietly turned a friendly accommodation loan into a forty per cent. interest for his own profit!"

According to the careless habits which Freddy Balmoral had contracted, he thought no more of the bills he had signed. He was fully aware that some one or other would let him know when they became due, and this mode was, in fact, accepted by Phillips, who seldom presented a document for payment without previously advising his client of his intention so to do, and offering the option of renewal on payment of interest in cash. With regard to Scorcher's bills, they were out of Phillips' hands, and as he had no more to do with them, he naturally did not inquire whether they had been met or not. The truth was, he was not anxious to recall the transaction to the memory of the jockey, assuming that he had forgotten the due dates or was unfamiliar with the ordinary course of money-lending business. For Balmoral had been going from bad to worse. His property was heavily mortgaged, and of late his racehorses, on which he had always satisfactorily relied for an addition to his income, had been sadly unfortunate. Added to this, Phillips had peremptorily declined to go further, and every day made him look with less confidence on his ample stock of Freddy Balmoral's paper. He had done too much business, and over too long a term of years with the sportsman, to care to be the first to take proceedings against him, but would not have been at all displeased if some other creditor had put the bankruptcy laws into operation.

He had been thinking over this on his way to Dunham Park racecourse, where he was sure to meet not only Balmoral, but Scorcher as well; and he had begun to consider seriously whether he might not, to their mutual benefit, give the jockey a hint. However, he decided to let matters take their course, and probably would have done so had not Scorcher sought him out in the paddock and begged a minute's conversation.

"The governor's broke, they tell me," he said *sotto voce*, when the two had got away from the crowd who were watching the sale of the winner of the last race.

"The governor?" repeated Phillips. "O, you mean Mr. Balmoral—is he, indeed? I'm sorry to hear it, but I'm not surprised. I told you when he took his bills that they were no catch. Have you got your money?"

"Not yet, but," added the jockey, "I think I can get it back to-day."

"To-day! How?"

"That would be telling," said Scorcher, with a laugh. "I suppose you know his account was not settled last week, and he cannot bet."

"The ring won't stand him!"

"Not for a bob. It is astonishing how quickly these things get about; and it is rather a pity, too, for his mare Indignity could win that race this afternoon, and I ride her."

"Then I shall have a bit on; thanks very much, Scorcher." And Mr. Phillips turned on his heel and was going towards Tattersall's enclosure. He had not proceeded many yards before he was overtaken by the jockey. This estimable horseman had either been suddenly stricken with remorse or else he calculated that some day or other Phillips might be useful to him. At all events, he seemed to have grown strangely confidential, and whispered in his ear, "I should not back the mare; I'd rather lay it if I could get on."

This was quite enough for Morris Phillips. He was accustomed to horse-racing, and was on excellent terms with several members of the ring. In fact, he had done many a good slice of business through their introduction and at their instigation. Occasionally he betted pretty high, and before now he had "stood in" a bit in a "laying" book; so finding Mr. Plum, "the great north country professional penciller," as the sporting papers termed him, he asked what would be favorite for the last race of the day.

"Why, Indignity, of course—that mare of Mr. Balmoral's; it's a real good thing, and I advise you to have a dash; but, of course, you know all about his horses, I needn't tell you."

It was generally but erroneously imagined that Morris Phillips was in the stable secrets of all his customers; in fact, it had more than once been hinted that he was owner or part-owner of many race horses belonging to his clients. Nor did he always care to deny the soft impeachment. But on this occasion he repudiated all knowledge on the subject of Indignity.

"I assure you," he answered Plum, "I have not seen Mr. Balmoral for a week, and, between ourselves, I do not fancy Indignity one bit."

"There'll be somebody," retorted the bookmaker suspiciously, "unless you know something. And she is sure to start at short price."

"Well, then, you lay as much as you can, and I'll go halves on the book."

Mr. Plum, as a shrewd and experienced penciller, did not ask any further questions. In his own mind he was satisfied that Indignity would not win, and that Morris Phillips had been instructed by Mr. Balmoral to get as much out of it as possible. However, this was not his business; he was satisfied with the tip, and made up his mind to bet against the mare until the backers were tired out. There was "a lot of luck in horse racing," he was apt to say, "and favorites don't always win, or where would the poor layers be?"

And the betting proceeded at various odds. But Indignity was a firm favorite, until the backing market seemed altogether exhausted, and those lucky backers who had managed to secure the top odds of seven to four were quite jubilant, and those who had been forced to accept "evens" were angry with themselves for not having been in earlier.

The bell rang; the horses had started. The reporters had taken their places, and were beginning to call out a description of the progress of the race. Betting-books were closed, raceglasses were adjusted, and the five competitors galloped round the corner into view. It was a very uneaided affair indeed. Indignity was with the foremost horse, and just cantering along with the most consummate ease. "A hundred to one on the favorite!" screamed an excited person. "A million to one!" cried another, not quite so much in earnest; but it looked any odds. As the horses approached the grand stand three of them had dropped back, and their jockeys, seeing the futility of perseverance, had left off riding, and were trotting in at their leisure. An outsider and Indignity were side by side, the latter hard held, and the other straining every nerve and muscle under whip and spur to keep so close. Practically the race was over; "The favorite in a walk," was the general verdict. But suddenly Scorcher, who was riding Indignity, apparently took a desperate pull at the mare, and as they passed the judge's box the non-favorite just got in front and won by a neck.

"Well, of all the barefaced robberies!"

"The man must be mad!"

"Where are the stewards?"

"Another pretty exhibition! Dashed if I pay!"

And voices rose in tones of wonderment, anger, contempt and hilarity amid the ordinary bustle of a race-course. The jockey Scorcher narrowly escaped from the fury of the excited and indignant mob. What explanation could be offered? Those who are cultured in the arts of the turf planted themselves outside of the "stewards' entrance," awaiting the earliest news and confidently expecting another "turf scandal." Where was Freddy Balmoral? No one knew. He had not been seen since before the race, the truth being that, heartbroken at his losses and cowed at the position which he was in—of not being able to bet, in consequence of his debts—he had not the courage to remain to see what he honestly believed was a real good thing come off. So he had quietly slipped away, and by the time the race was over he was in the train and fairly on his way towards town.

Without him the stewards of the meeting could do nothing. They listened to some floundering explanation of Scorcher's, which not one of them believed, and, having suspended him from riding and Mr. Frederick Balmoral's horses from running during that week, undertook to lay the whole matter before the Jockey Club.

When, an hour afterwards, Frederick Balmoral heard an account of the affair he was dumbfounded. He telegraphed to Scorcher at Newmarket to come up at once and explain. But he could not arrive until the next morning, which also brought with it another surprise in the form of a lawyer's letter. Messrs. Suem & Beatem were perfectly explicit. They had been instructed by their client, Mr. George Scorcher of Newmarket, to take proceedings against Mr. Balmoral upon bills of exchange for three thousand pounds, now overdue and unpaid.

Poor Freddy groaned. He knew now who Morris Phillips' friend had been, and so he started off in quest of that estimable money-lender.

"It's a bad case," said Phillips. "You will either be warned off the turf and disgraced or made bankrupt and disgraced, or perhaps both. I dare say Scorcher will come to some arrangement."

"The villain!" exclaimed Balmoral.

"Calling names won't do any good," urged the other, pacifically. "Of course, so far as what you owe me is concerned, I'd wait, but I'll tell you frankly what people say. Do you owe Plum anything?"

"Yes."

"Well, you see, he and one or two others on your book never left off laying against Indignity, and you did not back her for a shilling. I know," continued Phillips, "that you are quite innocent; but things look bad, and if I were you I'd square Scorcher and go away for a time."

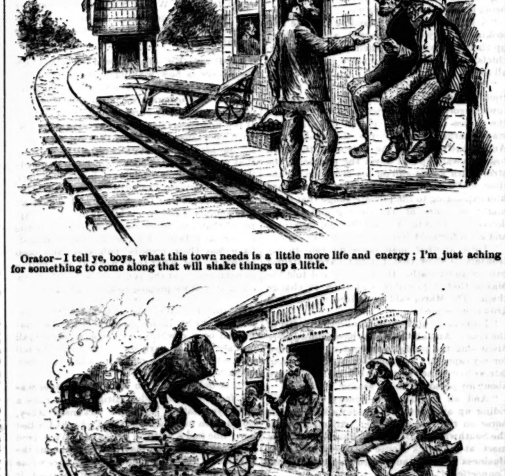
"How can I go away without any money?"

"Try Scorcher again and see what he says," advised the usurer.

Freddy Balmoral did try his jockey, and the upshot of the affair was that he has left England for Mexico, and has been warned off the English turf. As for Scorcher, he made what he called a clean breast of it, admitting that his master had instructed him not to win, and that he was very sorry he had fallen into the meshes. However, as he turned Queen's evidence, he was not permanently disqualified, and has again become one of the most popular of English jockeys. Nor has he suffered any pecuniary loss. "Taking all in all," he said to to Morris Phillips a little later on in the season, "I got rid of a fellow who was broke and no good, and netted a thousand balance over the transaction. I hope you got out?"

Mr. Phillips smiled.

A Quick Response.



Orator—I tell ye, boys, what this town needs is a little more life and energy; I'm just aching for something to come along that will shake things up a little.

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Healthful Womanhood.

The short lived triumph of the sickly, sentimental young woman has departed—it is to be hoped for ever—and the healthful type of wholesome womanhood reigns in her stead. It has taken some time to produce this desirable change, but the tide has set in at last and is sweeping all before it.

As a rule, it may, in all fairness, be admitted that women generally are what men like them to be, and, if in bygone years, the masculine taste has run in the direction of a languid frame and the hectic flush of incipient disease, it is hardly to be wondered that the mode of living followed by our women has been such as would exactly bring about such a result.

But all this is changed. The fiat has gone forth that the sickly, languid woman has no place in the affections of men—and, forthwith, the delicate daughter of Eve fades away from view. True! the tall, well-developed woman, with bright eyes, a springing step, and clear skin is the woman of the future. The mothers of the rising generation are to be dabs at tennis, for them horseback work will be a delight, and the drawbacks of walking and all sustained exercise will be as conditions that have no existence.

Whilst we may have some reasonable doubts as to the wisdom of enlarging the sphere of athleticism amongst men, we have none so far as the other sex is concerned. If the succeeding generations of our race are to attain to that perfection of physical manhood and womanhood, which it is desirable they should, our women must assist in the work by the encouragement of such conditions as will best and most unfailingly produce such results.

And what a pleasant, wholesome change from the sickly, dyspeptic and helpless creature—whom we acknowledge with a blush we used to admire, when admiration for such was the fashion—to the sparkling, joyous creature whose every movement is instinct with the gladness and sweetness of health. Contrast them, unbelieving reader, and another convert to our way of thinking is already made. But—mark you! we do not plead for the encouragement of the hoyden, although the latter is preferable to her languid, inert sister of bygone years. No! the woman of the future—she whom we desire to stand as the type of all that is best and fairest of our Canadian womanhood—must be one in whom are blended the attributes of dignity, the capacity for mental and physical labor, and an ever present consciousness of what is properly due from her and to her as the helpmate of man.

The Night Masher.

There are day-mashers and there are night-mashers, and both species have many varieties. The former of the twain is a comparatively harmless creature, and is, as a rule, thoroughly presentable in appearance. His clothes are of the latest cut, and his speech has a distinct family likeness to the accent of Pall Mall. His phrenological development may not, it is true, betray an absurd overplus of the intellectual qualities, but his natural shrewdness in looking after the personal comforts of number one can never be despised. His tailor may, and possibly does, have bitter thoughts concerning a blighted trust; his landlady, we are assured, has known that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, when the expected remittance from the giv'nor at 'ome has failed to materialize. But these petty drawbacks, although discouraging enough to ordinary humanity, do not discourage him. On the contrary, they but impart a pleasant variety to his butterfly existence. The harassing thoughts of unpaid bills, which haunt the mind and fill the brain of the plodder with bitterness, have no terrors for the light-hearted day-masher. *His* troubles—such as they are—spring from entirely different causes. The non-arrival of a box of "the latest" in stand-up collars is a cause of more discomfort to him than the feelings of unpaid trades-people, who, to his thinking, are designed by an All-Wise Providence for the express purpose of administering to the varied wants of his father's son. Apart from these petty foibles the existence of the day-masher is a comparatively harmless one.

Not so, however, is the career of him who is known to us as the night-masher. What the hawk is to the sparrow-cote, so is the night-masher to those of the unguarded sex who pass by on our streets after darkness has set in. We use the term sparrow-cote advisedly, for the sparrow is pert, forward, and aggressive as—too often it is to be feared—are the numerous young women who nightly parade on Yonge and King streets. If the day-masher is comparatively harmless from a moral standpoint, it must be confessed that the very opposite obtains with his *confrere* of the night. Though young, it may be, in years he has already forgotten those early days when youthful features wear the impress of purity.

But the ranks of this social pestilence are not confined to the young. We know of aged and middle-aged mashers in this city—men with families, who have assumed heavy social responsibilities, who are nightly to be found on our streets, whose affectation of the sprightly gait of earlier years is only too surely belied by the locks which have known the dyer's art, and whose wrinkled cheeks contrast not wisely, but too well, with the youthful looking offspring of the dentist's skill. But the erotic mania dies hard, and thus we have the aged night masher. His more youthful brother is hardly up to the social standard of the elderly rake. But the average girl fails to detect the difference. To her, who is probably a novice in city life, the greased locks, the massive jewelry, the easy assurance and generally *smart* appearance of this wooer of feminine favors are in marked contrast to the heavy boorishness of her whilom country lover. The favorable reception accorded him encourages the youthful rascal who, it must be confessed, needs little encouragement. An appointment is made, and the meshes already entangle the feet of innocence. By this time admiration for the smart city youth has deepened into affection, and the rest may be easily imagined.

Clearing the dens of infamy of their unhappy inmates is doubtless to be commended, but we think our city authorities would be the means of keeping many from ever approaching those sin-haunted portals were our police instructed to keep a strict lookout for the night masher.

Our Musical Services.

Whilst the church choir is very properly to be considered only as an auxilliary to the pulpit its importance will be readily admitted by all, no matter to what particular branch of the church the congregation may belong.

We have no sneers for the choir which is surpliced, as we have none for the singers who appear in the ordinary garb of the community. What we seek to point out is the necessity for educating the choir and people up to a higher appreciation of the real beauties of sacred song. A marked step in the right direction is the Sunday afternoon service of sacred song which has been commenced at St. Mark's Church, Parkdale. The object of these services is to educate the congregation up to a proper enjoyment of good church music, with special reference to anthems and services. SATURDAY NIGHT is glad to see the Church of England keeping abreast of the times in this respect. Our friends of the Methodist Church have long ago recognized the help which the pulpit received from the auxilliary work of a well organized choir. The most marked relative advance probably has been made by the Presbyterians whose church music of to-day stands in pleasant contrast to the humdrum service of bygone years. Not that the latter lacked in heartiness, but simply that the element of beauty was entirely wanting.

We have all long ago got rid of the idea that a beautiful musical service is a mark of decline in the spirituality of the church. To us it seems that the old cry of the uncultivated human voice being the most acceptable to the Divine Master was but a flimsy excuse for laziness on the part of the congregation. When the voice of song is lifted up in the presence of an earthly potentate how great are the preparations to make it as effective and beautiful as circumstances will permit, and this being so, how much more incumbent it is upon us to offer our best powers when singing in the House of the King of Kings. Glorious to us seems the conception of the Israelites of old as to what was due to the Giver of all mercies in the matter of sacred song. If memory fails us not the Temple choir numbered something like ten thousand voices. Grand and acceptable indeed must have been that tremendous wave of harmony which rolled forth from the Temple walls and flooded the fair valley of Kedron with the joyful hosannas of the accepted people of God.

The heart of the listener becomes insensibly softened under the influence of beautiful music, and thus the way is paved for the work of the preacher, whose eloquence falls on the ears of those whose hearts are thoroughly attuned to the truths which he seeks to convey. Our musical services can never be too beautiful.

At Seventeen.

O mirror, ancient mirror,
When waxen lights are lit
On either side golden frame
I must peep in a bit,
And turn my head and toss my curls,
And softly smile and pout,
To see my teeth like rows of pearls,
And bring my dimples out.

"O, foolish girl! O, wicked girl!"
Aunt Barbara doth cry,
"To think so much of fleeting charms
That must assuredly die.
Remember I was once as young
And fair to see as thou,
And that thy glass one day will show
Thy face what mine is now."

I'll say a little prayer to-night
That I may not grow vain,
But in the morning dawn, dear glass,
I must peep in again,
That rosy lips and cream-white skin,
And all I see in thee.
May tell me that Aunt Barbara
Has never looked like me.

The Turtle-Dove.

The delicate turtle-dove is essentially a bird of southern haunts, and goes to northern climes only as a summer migrant. In the woods of the South of England it is common, though, like the nightingale and some other birds, it seems gradually to be extending its range. The turtle-dove arrives on these shores with the wood-warblers about the beginning of May, and, if the weather is seasonable, its soft notes are soon heard in the copses. It delights in open woods with sunny glades, and it is from the darker-foliaged trees in such situations that its unbroken cooling may first be heard. If the birds be approached without alarming them, the interesting evolutions in which they at this time indulge may be observed. The female dove sits passively upon a bough of pine or fir, while the male describes a series of circles round her. At first he coos softly; but after a preparatory pouting to his mate, he puffs out his throat-feathers and indulges in what is very much like a hearty laugh. This continues while the wicked-like nest is building, and even after the twig-platform is laid. Incubation lasts only about a fortnight, and it is rare in this country that the turtle-dove rears more than one brood. This is by far the most delicate of the pigeons, and is peculiarly susceptible to cold. It goes when spring is well advanced, and at the first suggestion of autumn cold it flocks and leaves these shores.

He Went West for His Health.

At Chadron, Nebraska, we got into conversation with a man who was sitting on the depot platform waiting for the train.

"I came out to this country a few days ago," he said, after talking some time, "for my health, but I am going back to Connecticut on the next train."

"Doesn't the climate agree with you?" asked Briar.

"Yes, I think the climate would agree with me all right, but the people don't. I went up here to Oelrichs, Dakota. A friend of mine had spent a summer near there on Big Nose George's ranch, and he recommended the place to me. At my home in Connecticut I follow the calling of a minister of the gospel, in a humble way to be sure, but I trust my work has not been without its beneficial results."

"Did you preach any at Oelrichs?" I asked.

"No, I simply went there for my health, intending to board during the fall and return home before cold weather. As I got off the train when it arrived I noticed quite a crowd of men on the platform, all wearing big flat hats and spurs and walking very bow-legged. I started down the steps toward the hotel when one of them approached me confidentially and said: 'Be you goin' to open a bank, partner?' 'A what?' I asked. 'A bank,' he said. 'Why, no,' said I, 'what made you think I was going to engage in the banking business?' 'Oh, I thought you looked a little that way,' he replied. 'Me'n' the boys 'lowed you had your outfit all excep' the tables in your grip—the boxes, an' keerds, an' chips, an' layout generally.' 'You are mistaken,' I replied, a good deal bewildered, and went on over to the hotel. While I was registering the clerk leaned over and said: 'Goin' to deal faro?' 'No, sir,' I replied, light beginning to dawn on me a little. 'Keno or hazard, then!' he went on. 'Nothing of the kind!' I said warmly. 'Jess straight draw poker I s'pose?' he continued. 'No game at all,' I replied. 'Aint goin' to try to work the boys on no thimble-rig, I hope?' he said anxiously. 'They dropped a roll on that last week and they are a little cross about it.' 'No, sir. I have no gambling apparatus at all,' I said. 'I simply came out here for my health,'—and I went and sat down by the door.

"I saw him looking at me pretty hard, and after a while the crowd I had seen at the station as well as others began to drop in and whisper to the clerk and talk low among themselves and look at me. Pretty soon one of them, who wore such a big hat that it made him stoop-shouldered, came over and said: 'Stranger, my name is Pete Doyle.' 'I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Doyle,' I said, shaking hands with him. He started a little and then said: 'I reckon you better call me Webfoot—I'm more onto it. I am one of the city aldermen and chairman of the Council Committee on Strangers. The committee directed me to ask you a question.' 'Go ahead,' I replied. 'We wanted to ask you'—and he lowered his voice almost to a whisper—'what you had to leave the States for? 'I didn't have to leave the East for anything,' I replied; 'I came out here for my health.' Webfoot looked at me very hard and started to retreat, when I heard some one behind me say in a loud whisper: 'Ask—him—how—far—ahead—'o—the—sheriff—be—is!' Webfoot looked at me a minute and said: 'I take it there wa'nt no sheriff?' 'No,' I replied.

"Most of them now went out, but a good-sized crowd lingered around the door, and they all kept circulating between the bar-room of the hotel and a saloon directly across the street. Pretty soon another came and said: 'Was it murder?' 'No,' I said. 'Burgl'ry or anything?' 'No.' 'Paint as bad as hoss-stealin' I hope?' 'I came West simply for my health,' I returned rather sharply. He explained that he was county treasurer, and being a public man it was his duty to ask about these things.

"Then another wanted to know if it was train robbery or stage robbery, and when I told him neither he said 'Oh,' as much as to say of course it was something as bad. Then another wanted to know if I got away with all the bank had, and advised me in any case to go to Canada instead of staying in Dakota, because he thought I couldn't be arrested in Canada.

"And all the while I heard two of them talking behind me as to the probability of there being much of a reward for me.

"A lot of other were standing outside and looking gloomy and depressed, and polishing up their revolvers with their pocket handkerchiefs. And about once in five minutes they all took a drink.

"One man was talking very loud all the time about this idea of trying to make the town a corral for the escaped criminals from the States being about played out. I afterward learned that he was the postmaster. And about this time the Mayor of the town began to walk up and down the middle of the street with a shot-gun on his shoulder, all the time looking off across the prairie. I heard him explaining to the probate judge that there might be more of 'em coming and that he 'lowed to give it to 'em 'fore they got into town and got a foothold like this rooster had done.

"Then another man made me roll up my trousers to show that I didn't have a striped pair on underneath. He went out and told the Mayor that I probably had time to change them. The Mayor said he noticed my hair had grown out some too.

"I was now thinking of Connecticut most of the time. And all the while those fellows were discussing the probable amount of the reward for my capture. And another began to speculate as to whether I had the money I had stolen about my person or in my satchel.

"And all the time the county sheriff was riding up and down the sidewalk, with his horse on the run, shouting: 'All members of the Southwestern Dakota Vigilance Committee meet at Maverick House in thirty minutes! Business of importance with smsll man from Connecticut!'

"I gave the subject a good deal of careful study and concluded that Connecticut was a pretty good place after all. I couldn't see why I should have ever thought my health was poor there.

"The coroner dropped in and looked me over, and I heard him promise a dozen different men to see that each was on the inquest.

"About this time my old friend Webfoot came down the street, dragging a long rope behind him, with a hangman's noose on the end of it. He looked in and said I was the man who refused to shake hands with him or call him by his last name. He said any man who was too proud to shake hands with old Webfoot, councilman from the Second Ward, had got to hang. Then he drew the rope over the limb of a tree over the door, so I could look off across the prairie through the noose and enjoy the scenery.

"The sheriff was now announcing that the vigilance committee would meet in five minutes. I got a gleam of hope just then, when I saw the city marshal coming, wearing his star. I appealed to him for protection, but he looked me all over and then said he reckoned it was best for the civil authorities to take their own course, and he waved his hand so as to include every cut-throat in sight. The proprietor of the hotel came in and presented a bill for $2, for occupying his house two hours, and said I had better pay before the exercises; and I heard the county judge yelling that the time was up.

"I then started out the back door for Connecticut. I found that my health was first-rate for running. When I left Connecticut, I thought I needed a change of climate, but I concluded that I still needed one more change. By leaning over and taking long steps and lots of them, I managed to reach a little ravine and hill while they were getting on their horses and riding around the hotel. I lay among the sage till night, when I walked down the track to this place. The people here say the boys were only having a little fun with me, but I can't say as I enjoy their kind of humor. Anyhow I shall go back to Connecticut on the train that is coming up there. There's more health in Connecticut than I ever gave it credit for. Good-bye—don't camp at Oelrichs unless you are prepared for their style of pleasantries."—*Fred H. Carruth in N. Y. Tribune.*

The Arizona "Kicker."

We extract the following items from the latest issue of the Arizona *Kicker:*

IMPORTANT NOTICE—We shall next week begin the publication of a weekly column devoted to society gossip. The movements of society people, balls, parties, visits, etc., will be chronicled as far as space will permit, and this will be done without increasing the subscription price of the *Kicker*, which is $2 per year, in advance. We hope to receive the assistance of all the ladies in this enterprise. When anything occurs let them send us an outline of it, say as follows:

"On Wednesday evening last, Mrs. Chuck A. Luck received a few friends at her elegant abode on Coyote avenue. Seven-up and old sledge were indulged in (as well as whisky punches) until a late hour, and the guests departed to their homes in the happiest mood. There are no flies on Mrs. Luck. Her former experience in Chicago as a hash-slinger in a cheap hotel fits her to play the part of hostess to perfection."

*

"LEFT FOR THE SEA SHORE.—Sunday evening last our friend and fellow-townsman, Col. Bivens left for the Atlantic sea-board to spend the heated term among his old friends.

"He was accompanied by a detective, to see that he did not lose his way.

"It is said that he will stop off at Sing Sing for a time.

"The colonel left in a hurry, and had no time to bid his friends good-bye. We wish him bon voyage, and hope the sea breezes will do him good."

*

"LIARS AT WORK.—The liar is still with us, and his venomous tongue is still at work. He has, as his latest transaction, covered the town with the report that we attended Mrs. Major Gordon's birthday party without a shirt on, and in a coat borrowed of Sol Jackson, the livery stable man.

"It is an infamous calumny!

"It is a lie steeped in malice!

"It is a slander worthy of the days of Nero!

"We not only wore a shirt, but we had another at the office.

"We not only did not borrow Sol Jackson's coat, but we wore one which we have owned for fourteen years. We believe this lie emanated from the Widow Stevens, who set her cap for us and got left. We are tracing it home, and the authoress of it had better be prepared to skip."

*

"IT HURTS 'EM.—The show of live ads. which the *Kicker* is now making hurts some of the newspapers in this locality awful bad. The *Bull-whacker* and others are charging us with procuring our ads. by threats and intimidation. It is a monstrous lie. Business men advertise with us because they know that we are reaching out after a circulation of 100,000 copies, and that we have already booked 134 names towards it. We drop into a business house in a business way, explain the advantages of advertising in a paper like the *Kicker*, and seldom go away empty handed. While it may have happened that non-advertisers, like old Cobb, the grocer, and Dead Beat Smith, the druggist, have had their records published and been shown up for what they were, it was only a coincidence. Let the jackals howl! We know our gait, and we propose to keep right along."

*

"COME IN.—Will the individual who telegraphed the St. Louis paper the other day that we had been the whilom lover of his wife come and see us at an early date? We want to tell him what we think of his conduct and then break him in two.

"The only foundation for such a slander was the fact that the Widow Briggs, who runs a cross-eyed eating house on Arkansas Alley, called upon us to say that the *Kicker* had belled her. She had a whip in her hand. We offered to apologize, and she playfully hit us about the shoulders. Some base-born hyena at once wrote out a sensational dispatch and hurried it off, calculating to do us all the harm possible. We have camped on his trail, however, and when sure of his identity will make his heart ache."

How many do I see who are sowing only to the flesh. Alas, what a crop that will be!—*Rutherford.*

On Divers Strings.

Grosse Isle.

For Saturday Night.

"Not less than fifteen thousand of the children of Erin, stricken by fever, lie buried in Grosse Isle."

Far from their own beloved isle
These Irish exiles sleep,
Nor dream they of historic past
Nor o'er its memories weep:
Down where the blue St. Lawrence tide
Sweeps onward wave on wave,
They lie—old Ireland's exiled dead,
In cross-crown'd lonely grave.

Sleep on, O, hearts of Erin,
From earthly travail free!
Our freighted souls still greet you
Beyond life's troubl'd sea;
In every Irish heart and home,
Where prayer and love abound,
Is built an altar to your faith—
A cross above each mound.

No more the patriot's words will cheer
Your humble toil and care—
No more your Irish hearts will tell
The beads of evening prayer;
The mirth that scoff'd at direst want
Lies buried in your grave,
Down where the blue St. Lawrence tide
Sweeps onward wave on wave.

O, toilers in the harvest field,
Who gather golden grain!
O, pilgrims by the wayside,
Who succor grief and pain!
And ye, who know that liberty
Oft wields a shining blade,
Pour forth your souls in requiem prayer
Wh re Irish hearts are laid!

Far from their own beloved land
These Irish exiles sleep,
Where dream not faith-crown'd shamrock
Nor ivies o'er them creep;
But fragrant breath of maple
Sweeps on with freedom's tide,
And consecrates the lonely isle
Where Irish exiles died!

TORONTO, July 3. THOMAS O'HAGAN, M A.

Was it Right?

For Saturday Night.

We were walking across the clover
Under the summer sun,
Dallying like maid and lover
Till the cool of the night should come,
Then we left the dance
With the old folks at home,
And settle our plans for the morrow,
But now we listlessly roam
On to the soft green woodlands
That lie so cool at our feet,
So I walked on unheeding
The reason the walk was sweet;
Laughed at his lazy jesting,
Said I would be his friend,
I believed in Platonic friendship,
And I never dreamed of the end—
This end that is making all beauty
Seem but a dream to my sight,
And dragging time out so slowly
With its wearisome day and night.

He lifted me over the streamlet
Between the meadow and wood,
And beneath the tall old elm trees
We merrily, happily stood,
Till I saw a sudden shadow
Fall over his brow, and a trace
Of gulling bitter anguish
Da'kening his brow and face—
Then I knew I was right in thinking,
As I often had thought before,
That his past was dark and gloomy
And his future clouded o'er.
He touched me and drew me nearer
Till my head lay on his breast
And I—yes I tasted heaven
In that brief moment's rest,
And waited with anxious heart throb
To hear what he next would say
When he suddenly put me from him,
And bitterly drew away.

And then said, harshly and coldly,
With a strained and distant voice
"I place two lives before you,
Hasten and take your choice—
Give me yourself, my darling,
Leave home and friends and all,
Heed not the world's rough scorning
Over a woman's fall.
Come with me, I will bring you
Where taunts cannot reach your ear,
Living together, sweetheart,
What can we dread or fear—
Or stay with your friends and kindred,
Leave me in sorrow alone
With the worthless woman, who bears my name,
And sullies my heart and home.

He was so lonely and tired
And I—oh, I love him so!
I think 'twas the very strength of my love
That made me bid him go.
And now he has gone forever,
Never to gladden my sight,
I sent him away in his sorrow,
Oh God! was it right? Was it right?

WOODSTOCK, 1888. TERAGRAM.

Here and There.

For Saturday Night.

Out on the moonlit lake,
Drifting, drifting, drifting;
Clouds cover up the sky,
Clouds vanish, stars appear,
Cries the bittern, breeze sigh,
Lovely summer's nights are here.

Far where our life's waves break,
Shifting, shifting, shifting
Scenes ever flitting by,
Some we remember o'er,
Fall the meteors—good friends die,
May we meet them "over there."

PORT PERRY, June 22, 1888. SEAN.

Here and There.

In saintly guise he walked the land
As one of that devoted band
Whose self-denying lives afford
Repeated glimpses of our Lord.
He shared with them reproach and scorn,
From morn till eve, from eve till morn;
But tempted sore by miser-lust
He sold his Lord—betray'd his trust:
Appalling space the traitor fell
From light to gloom, from heaven to hell!
Betrayer of the crucified
The scorned of earth—a suicide.

Nor hate, nor scorn, nor distribe
Of earthly pen can e'er describe
The anguish of yon stricken heart,
Impaled by Sorrow's piercing dart;
No mortal hand can limn the trace
Of dark remorse that blanch'd his face;
No human ear may catch the tones
That marked the arch-betrayer's groans,
Oh! think of his eternal doom.
What ray *could* light such awful gloom?
Whilst all men hate, despise, deride
Iscariot the Yaticide.

—H. K. C.

***

The *Empire* tells us that his Grace the Duke of Marlborough is "somewhat unfortunate in his matrimonial ventures." Possibly. But to the average Briton's thinking, his consorts are a trifle more unfortunate in theirs.

***

We have all of us heard of the "relic" factory in the south of Europe, where the hands are working night and day in the manufacture of the identical rope with which the Iscariot "worked himself off," but the laugh is not altogether with us.

***

Mock mummies are amongst the mendacious manufactures of this fraudulent age. The demand for these rusty relics of the Pharaohs has increased of late years to such an extent, particularly in America, that, as the genuine article is decidedly scarce, recourse must be had to an artificial substitute. For what museum, worthy of the name, would dare to open its doors, unless a mummy were exhibited within? As a necessary consequence of this overwhelming desire on the part of the public to see or to possess a fellow-creature in the chrysalis state, the mummy maker sets blithely to work. He selects a tramp—the darker, the dirtier, the dustier, the better—and, that no blood guiltiness may tarnish his soul, he bargains with the poor wretch for his body after his breath has departed from it.

***

He supplies the drunken outcast with money, paying him on account, as it were, for his carcass, and it is not long before the victim sinks, but not into the pauper's grave. No; for high honors await him now. He is swaddled and swathed in innumerable folds of imitation Egyptian cloth, and sent at once to the bacon-driers. Here all his natural juices are evaporated, and he comes forth from the ordeal a first-class mummy. Then, entombed in a sarcophagus of plate glass, numbered and labelled with the date of his birth—so many thousand years B.C.—he excites the admiration and the envy of those who worship everything that is primeval, mediæval and musty. But how that mummy must laugh in his sleeve—or rather in his sleeveless jacket—at the remarks made over his counterfeit corpse, and sometimes it must be really difficult for the mummy to remain "mum."

***

Charitable workers amongst our city poor meet with much that is sad and discouraging, but occasionally such work is relieved by humorous flashes which lend a touch of piquancy to the work. An instance of this was brought to my notice the other day by one of the victims, who admits with a sigh that this world is full of deception.

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The Ladies' Relief Committee some time ago received an application for assistance from a woman whose story was a sad one. Her husband—a plasterer—had deserted her, leaving a pair of twins, a few weeks old, on her hands. She was entirely destitute. Her tale was believed, and the good women of the society metaphorically took her into their arms. They couldn't do too much for the deserted "relict" who, it must be confessed, was a puny, sickly-looking creature, totally unable to help herself. They sent her food; fuel was added to her depleted bins, and the twins were speedily arrayed in purple and fine linen. The ladies were deeply interested in her case, and after the first preliminaries had been settled, these good folks finally came to the conclusion that it would be a delightful idea to have the twins christened. Of course it would, and great were the preparations made for the interesting event. One of their number promised to be godmother, and all united in making preparations for the interesting event by sending packages of linen, etc., etc., in order that everything should go off satisfactorily. The mother of the deserted "orphins" was willing enough, and received all the presents showered on her with submissive resignation. The day before the christening arrived one of the committee called at the house in order to complete arrangements for the morrow. Whilst passing up the street she was accosted by a neighboring woman, who asked her as to "iow the twins was a gettin' on?" The question was innocent enough in itself, but the wink which accompanied it was terribly significant.

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With very little persuasion the neighbor exposed the whole transaction. "The twins was not twins—nary a twin," and the whole thing was a swindle. Two servant girls it seems had placed these little evidences of indiscretion in the keeping of the woman, paying two dollars a week for the same, and having the instinct of finance somewhat strongly developed, the wretched creature had hit on this plan for squeezing a little more from the purse of charity.

***

Boulanger and Floquet have crossed swords at last, and the Boulanger march has been all but exchanged for the Dead March in Saul. It remains to be seen yet whether Boulanger will lose ground with his admirers or not, on account of his defeat by an unpracticed swordsman. The duel was a terribly earnest one, the element of ridicule—most fatal to a Frenchman's eyes—was entirely absent, and as for the fact of a *beau sabreur* like Boulanger being defeated by such a tyro in swordsmanship as the French Prime Minister, the most peaceable member of the *bourgeoisie*, knows that the experienced *spadassin* is at a greater disadvantage when face to face with a novice than with one who has some slight knowledge of the sword. But all the same one cannot help wishing that Floquet's thrust had gone a little further or that Boulanger's jugular had been a little nearer the incisive point of Floquet's argument.

***

The Floquet-Boulanger duel reminds me of one or two affairs of this sort in Toronto which never came off. During the time the regulars were quartered at the Old and New Forts an officer let fall some disparaging remarks one evening many years ago regarding a Toronto lady. The matter was taken up at once by a member of one of the old U. E. families. A meeting was arranged, and the civilian and his second were promptly on the ground. The distance was measured and all was in readiness, when the latter stepped up to his adversary and asked if he intended to withdraw the disparaging remarks of the night before. "I'm d——d if I do!" promptly quoth the regular. "Then you're a d——d scoundrel!" was the irregular response of the civilian, as with one blow of his fist he landed his opponent flat on the back—and with his second drove off from the ground, to the utter bewilderment of the gentlemen of the opposition.

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The hero of the above story, whose courage was unimpeachable, was again the object of attentions on the part of the gentry at the Fort. Two of the latter, accompanied by an orderly, drove up to his house and asked the servant who answered their summons if her master was at home. The latter appeared on the verandah, and was immediately struck by one of the callers, who had brought a horse-whip for the purpose. But the latter failed to get any very satisfactory amount of whipcord to bear on the argument in the general *melee* which followed. The odds were desperate, the two military men on the one hand, and on the other the *host*, who was doing the honors of the house to the very best of his ability. But a valuable ally was at hand. The big Irish cook who had first answered the door, seeing matters going against her master, hurried into the kitchen, and, catching up a heavy ladle, returned to the scene of action and, with one deadly crack from the ladle, effectually disposed of one of the enemy. The other was "polished off" by the master, and thus once more were the regulars "downed" by the *active* militia.

***

There is one system in our midst which it seems pretty clear is not keeping abreast of the times. The complaints which we see daily in the columns of the press touching the insufficient accommodation on the ferry boats point pretty clearly as to the system in fault. I do not impeach the *safety* of the boats, because I am not sufficiently versed in these matters to know the exact point where safety departs and peril comes in, but what I do find reason to condemn is the lack of comfort and accommodation on our boats, especially those engaged in the Island service. Their size is altogether too small, their cleanliness is doubtful, and the average speed attained, whilst undoubtedly ahead of the greyhounds of the Welland canal, is hardly up to concert pitch as far as Toronto is concerned.

ST. GEORGE.

The Lilac.

The lilac is perhaps, all things considered, the most splendid of English flowering trees. There are two or three distinct species and several varieties, the colors varying from deep purple to pure white. Everybody is familiar with its fragrance, which is often too powerful to make it welcome as a table-decoration within doors. The perfume is exhaled most strongly in the evening and in mild, showery weather. The tree belongs to the olive family, and is closely allied to the common privet, but it bears no fleshy fruit, and is valueless except for the splendor of its blossoms, which seldom endure in bright weather much longer than a fortnight; its foliage is little ornamental, except while the young shoots, which accompany the flowering season, are in their pristine greenness. As a flowering shrub, however, the lilac cannot be too highly prized. It will grow in any soil, and London smoke has no prejudicial effect upon it. Like the plane, indeed, it seems rather to revel in a murky atmosphere. It comes to us from Persia, but has been naturalized in our gardens for three hundred years.

***

A French writer, in translating the passage from Shakespeare: "A man . . . So dull dead in look, *so woe-begone*," renders the italicised words: "Thus, grief, go away with you!" A word used in a purely technical sense is apt to prove a stumbling-block to the translator. Thus an English historian says Lord George Sackville was "broken" for cowardice in battle, meaning simply that he was cashiered. A French writer translates the word into one indicating that the timid nobleman was broken on the wheel. As if to convince the reader of his unwavering belief in this interpretation, he adds a foot-note to the statement, commenting on the barbarity of this torture. In one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, a party was served with Welsh rabbit for supper, and a translator, not aware that the term applied to a compound of toasted cheese—it is now spelled rarebit—set down the phrase as "a rabbit of Wales. Not content with this, he also inserted a foot-note informing the credulous reader that the rabbits of Wales were of such superior flavor that they were in great demand in Scotland, and were forwarded to that country in large numbers.

How to Get Presented at Court.

Advertisement appearing in a Chicago daily paper during January, 1887:

"To American ladies desirous of obtaining the *entree* into English Society. An English lady of rank will receive into her house, board, introduce into Society, and present at Court, two or three American young ladies. Terms, including use of carriage, etc., £200 per month. Address, Title, Post Office, Consort street, London.

Letter in answer to advertisement from Miss Phyllis Stanhope, actress at the Varietes Francaises, State street, Chicago:

"In reply to 'Title's' advertisement, Miss Flora Cameron begs to state that she is a young lady of wealth and family residing in Chicago, and is desirous of spending a season in London. Not caring to be bothered with letters of introduction she would be very glad to avail herself of the advantages offered in 'Title's' advertisement. If necessary she can furnish numerous references, but will now simply give the name of Mr. John Howard Conroy, Palmer House, Chicago, lawyer and member of the United States Senate. The terms as stated in advertisement are quite agreeable to Miss Cameron, and as a guarantee of good faith, she encloses a bank draft for one hundred dollars, which 'Title' will please return if arrangements are not concluded. Miss Cameron will be glad of an immediate reply. In accepting the terms of advertisement Miss Cameron does so under the belief that 'Title' is really a lady of rank, and has a real title. Address, Miss Cameron, 1100 Van Buren street, Chicago."

Letter from the Dowager Countess of Hardpinch to Miss Phyllis Stanhope:

"600 St. James' gate, London, Jan. 27, 1887.

"DEAR MISS CAMERON,—I shall be very pleased to have you come and live with me, and I thank you for your kind consideration in sending the draft. You Americans are always so considerate. I am a widow and live quite alone, except when I have some one to stay with me. I only take ladies into my house because I feel very lonely all by myself, and Americans are always so bright and cheery. I have had several American girls to live with me, and they have all been very happy and married well. I go out continually during the season, and can introduce you to the very best people, and present you at court. Don't bother about references. Mr. Conroy's name is quite sufficient, and every one has heard of him. I am sure, also, that I have heard of the Camerons of Chicago. References are only for servants, and the worst servants I get always have the best references. I shall be ready to receive you at any time.—Very sincerely yours, ELEANOR, Dowager Countess of HARDPINCH.

"P.S.—It will be best to keep the arrangement between us a strict secret, and I shall introduce you as the daughter of an old friend of mine, who is merely paying me a short visit."

Letter from Miss Phyllis Stanhope to the Countess of Hardpinch:

"1100 Van Buren street, Chicago,
"Feb. 13, 1887.

"DEAR LADY HARDPINCH,—I shall come to you at once, and I am sure I shall have a lovely time. I know you are real nice by your letter. I sail in the Umbria on the 2nd of March. In great haste, yours sincerely, FLORA CAMERON.

"P.S.—Of course I will keep our arrangement a strict secret, and shall be delighted to be the daughter of your old friend. I will tell everybody how fond you were of my poor mamma. I am an orphan."

Letter from Miss Phyllis Stanhope to Miss Carrie Hastings, actress at Tony Pastor's Theater, New York:

"1100 Van Buren st., Chicago, Feb. 15, 1887.

"DEAR OLD GIRL,—What do you think? I have had a stroke of luck and have left the stage, and I am going to London to live with a real live Countess and to be presented to a real live Queen. Isn't it funny? And some day I shall be the wife of an English nobleman, and everybody will call me 'My lady.' I have made all the arrangements with my Countess and sail from New York on March 2. You must come and have a parting supper with me on the 1st. It all happened this way. Jack is going to be married to an immensely rich girl here, and of course had to give me up; but he has behaved real well, and has given me a parting present of ten thousand dollars, and with that I intend to carry on a grand matrimonial campaign in England. Poor old Jack! I hate to lose him; but he needed money, and has been too generous to me. I know he had to borrow this ten thousand dollars, but he can easily pay it back out of his wife's money; she has an awful lot. I don't believe he would have given me up altogether, only she made him promise. She can't hold a candle to me in beauty. I am a little sorry to leave Chicago, but I daresay I will have a good enough time in London, and if I make a great match you shall come and stay with me, and go on a matrimonial campaign under my chaperonage. I will tell you my new name and address when we meet in New York, and you shall hear how I happened to get in with this Countess. I had no idea it was so easy to buy admission into Society. I am sure no amount of money could buy me into Society here, but in England it is just like purchasing a theater ticket, only it costs a little more. I shall be at the St. James' Hotel early on March 1st. Come up there. Ever your fond, PHYLLIS.

"P.S.—I gave old Jack's name as a reference, and my Countess said everybody had heard of him, and it was quite sufficient. Jack dictated my letter to her. Did you ever?"

Letter from the Countess of Hardpinch to Lady Geraldine Flyaway, Flyaway Castle:

"600 St. James'-gate, London, April 1, 1887.

"MY DEAR LADY GERALDINE,—I shall be delighted to accept your kind invitation to spend a week at Flyaway Castle, but I have a very great favor to beg of you. May I bring a young lady who is now visiting me? She is an American, so refined, and very well off. Her mother was an English lady and an old school-mate of mine. We were great friends until she married an American, and went to live in the States. Before she died she wrote and asked me to invite her daughter to visit me sometimes, and, of course, I did it. I am sure you will like her so much, and she is immensely admired here. May I bring her? Yours very sincerely, ELEANOR."

Design for Mantel Lambrequin—By Miss A. H. Hathaway of Brockton, Mass.

This lambrequin is composed of cream satin and old gold plush, with lemon satin linings. The edges are finished with short tufted silk fringe. The cream satin is decorated with heavy silk embroidery. The stems and foliage of the scroll are golden brown, the outer petals of the blossoms are old gold, and the centre petals lemon yellow. Each color is outlined with the shade next darker. Fine lines of gold thread upon the background complete the design.—*The Decorator and Furnisher.*

Letter from Miss Phyllis Stanhope to Carrie Hastings:

"Flyaway Castle, Hudsonshire, England,
"April 15, 1887.

"DEAR OLD GIRL,—I have been having such a lovely time, I really haven't been able to write a single letter. Well, dear, here I am, a great social success, and the most admired guest in the house of one of the oldest and proudest families in England. I have been presented at Court, and it was so funny, dear. The Drawing Rooms are always held during the day, but every one dresses just like we used to dress for Kinsley's midnight suppers. If it hadn't been that I had to wear such a long train I should have felt as if I was 'going on' in a ballet. I made my best stage bow—how often have I made it to the boys in Chicago—to Her Majesty, and hoped that she would invite me to stay to lunch, but she didn't. And now I have something very important to tell. I have already three suitors for my hand. One is a very rich old earl, aged seventy, who paints his face and dyes his hair; another is a judge—a real judge—who, on the bench, wears a wig and dresses something like old Father Franconi did when celebrating mass. What a jolly old priest that Franconi was! Well, dear, the third is a younger son of a lord, who thinks I would be able to pay his debts. I asked the old earl for time to consider—I did not like to jump too quick—but I am spending so much money I cannot afford to dally long. My Court dress cost a thousand dollars, although it was all train and no corsage. My old countess is the biggest fraud you ever saw, and deserves a gold medal as the best liar in the world. I have seen her actually shed tears when she has been telling people what great friends my mother and herself were! She knows I am husband hunting, but will do her best to help me, and when I succeed will probably ask a loan. She is not rich. I have gone back from twenty-eight to twenty-three. Ever yours, PHYLLIS.

"P.S.—April 16. I accepted the Earl this morning, and shall in another month be the wealthy and admired Countess of Redwood! Did you ever? What would the boys say?"

Letter from Miss Phyllis Stanhope to Jack Conroy, at the Palmer House, Chicago:—

"600 St. James' gate, London, May 12, 1887.

"MY DARLING JACK,—I have played my cards and won the game. To-morrow at eleven o'clock I shall become the Countess of Redwood. Think of that! Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest that! Can you digest it? I have a brilliant future before me. My betrothed is seventy years old, and it cannot be many years before he goes over to the great majority. All the mammas here say I am a disgusting creature to marry such an old man; but then they were angling for him for their own daughters, and I have cut them all out. I made the old man make a grand settlement on me, so I shall be splendidly fixed. He would look so much better if he could be married at night, because he is so old, wrinkled, pale, and it would not show so much in gaslight. I shall look elegant; I wish you could see me. He has given me such beautiful diamonds; I do wish you could see me wearing them. It is so silly that one cannot be married at night here. Your wife never saw me, but only heard of me, so of course she would never confound the gay and piquant Phyllis Stanhope with the beautiful and haughty Countess of Redwood! La Belle Phyllis est morte, Vive la Comtesse de Redwood! You will both visit us at Redwood Castle in August when you come over. Carrie Hastings is coming to live with me.—With all my love, ever your devoted, PHYLLIS.

"P. S.—To-morrow I sign myself Flora, Countess of Redwood. Isn't that superbly grand?"

Letter from the Countess of Hardpinch to the Countess of Redwood:

"600 St. James' gate, August 20, 1887.

"DEAR FLORA,—It was so good of you to lend me that money, I cannot say how much I appreciate it. I am glad to hear you have some friends from America with you. That must be very nice. I am so sorry to hear that the Earl is not in good health, but I trust he will soon be better. When he is quite well again I hope you will not forget your old friend, myself, in your list of invitations. Believe me, very sincerely yours,

"ELEANOR, Countess of HARDPINCH."

ART.

Mr. Edwin A. Abbey has recently completed a delightful series of drawings, illustrating the old play, She Stoops to Conquer. Mr. Abbey, who is now in the prime of life, and has been a successful illustrator for the publications, among others of Messrs. Appleton, Scribner and Harper, is a delightful designer and first-rate draughtsman in line. His illustrations of She Stoops to Conquer embrace all the chief scenes and characters in that famous play. The Hardcastles, Mrs. Oddfish, Jack Slang, the Misses Hogg, Diggory, Miss Neville, Tony, and Roger are all delineated with great originality and power.

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The *Pall Mall Budget* publishes criticisms of the pictures on exhibition at the Academy, under the novel yet apposite heading of Nature v. Art at the Royal Academy. It's remarks are models of conciseness, and such as would not fail to please the greatest stickler for brevity. They combine art criticism with considerable information and much humor. We give a few examples: 81—A Love Letter. The girl's costume more than a hundred years old, and her parent or guardian unconsciously reading a modern edition of the *Times*. 120—Henpecked. Good hen and flying dog. 226—The Moonlighters. A feeble lion; unmuscular loins; gummy forelegs; apparently painted from some decrepit menagerie model. The lioness in rear is too big in proportion to her mate. 397—An Elopement. Shoe cast on the way; blacksmith at work; the horses clean—just out of the stables; no traces of travel stain. 647—Dying Swan Singing. Purely ideal, *ex officio*, so the swan may be allowed to be also ideal; it is not natural. 720—Sweet Face; but the Virgin Mary had no Saxon blood in her! 1115—The Morning of Agincourt; how about the "poor jades lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips, while in their pale-dull mouths the grimmal bit lies foul with chewed grass!" etc. The trooper would hardly be clean-shaved on campaigns. 1238—Selling Timber. Where are the chips from the axe? Grass would look more sickly in winter.

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A stranger in Paris cannot help noticing and admiring the pictorial advertisements which adorn the dead walls of that city. The superiority of the French in this, as in most other lines of art, must be conceded. The use of art in advertisements is now assuming gigantic proportions. Enormous sums of money are spent in this way, and such talented men as Sir John Millais and Sir Frederick Leighton have been made use of by the indefatigable Pears to advertise their soap. The master of pictorial advertising in Paris is M. Jules Cheret. Such is his reputation that the public watch for his advertisements as they watch for the appearance of a great painting on the walls of the Salon. The coloring of his sketches is as felicitous as the drawing, and he enters into the spirit of his subject with marvelous skill.

The Only Hair Left.

"Your father is entirely bald, isn't he?" said a man to the son of a millionaire. "Yes," replied the youth, sadly: "I'm the only heir he has left."

Plain Enough.

Female carpenters have appeared in London. Plane women, probably.

Brief Life is Here Our Portion.

The young barrister who has no briefs for a law start is a lost art.

He Was Opposed to Trinitarianism.

"And, of course, mother will come to live with us," said the happy girl to her accepted lover.

"I should like it above all things," he replied, "but, dearest, you would not want me to violate my religious principles now, would you? You know I am conscientiously opposed to the Trinitarian doctrine."

The Spy of the Secret Three

A VENETIAN TALE.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PLOT DEEPENS.

Zenella arose to her feet and stood before the Councillor. Her eyes flashed from deep fires, and her hands were folded upon her bosom.

"Rinaldi, I will stay here and die! You have my answer."

The man started up, but quickly curbed his passion, and sat down again.

"Zenella," he said, slowly and impressively, "I cannot yet believe that I have your final answer. You do not know from what I would save you. You have no thought of the dreadful fate that awaits you if you remain here. Listen: In one of the deepest crypts of this prison there is a pit—an awful abyss—reaching down into the bowels of the earth. The sides of this pit are bristling with arms of steel, some of them sharp like knives—some sharp like pikes—and some fashioned into hooks; and he who is cast therein is torn and pierced and cut, falling down, down, down, the flesh rent and cloven and mangled, down, down, down, to the Stygian depths, where the horrors are greater than tongue can tell! Will you suffer this?"

Zenella caught her breath, and bowed her head.

"Ah, the prospect is not inviting, lady!"

"I was not thinking of myself," she answered, looking up; "I was thinking if my husband must suffer thus."

"I cannot save him."

"And he must be cast into the pit!"

"So the laws of Venice have set it down."

"And for him there can be no mercy!"

"None."

"Rinaldi, you give me more hope than I had dared to cherish. We shall not be separated—my husband and I—but shall pass through life valley together! So let it be!"

"How, girl!" exclaimed the Councillor, now starting to his feet in earnest, "do you refuse my proffered help? Will you not accept the life offer?"

"The life you offer would be a living death! Give me that other death with him I love."

"Pshaw! It shall not be so! I will save you in spite of yourself."

For an instant Zenella was stricken with fear lest she did not let him see her drift. If Alonzo must die because he had loved her so well, then she only wished to die with him, and her fear was that Rinaldi might prevent this. That he would dare to take her away from the prison against her will, she did not think.

"I am a prisoner," she said, with icy calmness, "and to a certain extent within your power. But, base man, know this: My choice is to die with him I have called husband. If you seek to prevent this, you will do so at your peril!"

"Do you threaten?" asked Rinaldi, like one who is inclined to doubt the evidence of his own senses. "What mean you by my peril?"

"Thou knowest full well, Signor."

"But I ask thee to explain."

"Your peril lies in this," replied Zenella, promptly: "You dare not let Venice know that you have stolen away a condemned woman from the State prison; and you cannot hope to keep these lips of mine so close that they cannot whisper the secret."

"And you would betray it!"

"Aye, if a thousand deaths hung upon the result!"

The Councillor smote his fist upon his thigh, and swore a fearful oath. He strode to and fro across the narrow cell, and when he stopped his face was livid and his frame quivered.

"Zenella, you shall repent of this. Remember, I swear it!"

And thus speaking, he picked up his lantern and departed from the place, closing the aperture after him.

Zenella gazed upon the revolving section of wall until the last ray of light was shut off, and then, in the deep darkness, she sank down upon the low pallet; but she did not faint; she dared not. She must hold her senses if she could, for she knew not what evil might come to her in that dreary, lonesome place.

Rinaldi took his way from the cell through a narrow passage that had been fashioned within the outer wall of the prison, and when he emerged therefrom it was into one of the private closets of the State Inquisition. Thence he went to the apartment of the spy, whom he found awaiting him.

"What news, Signor!" asked Dagolfo, as the Councillor sank down upon a stool. "Did you not find the girl in Dandolo's dungeon?"

"Yes, I found her; and she holds her honor as a lioness hold her whelps."

"We might have guessed that, my lord. We must try and persuade her."

"By the mass! Dagolfo, I would be pleased to have you point out a way."

"First, my lord, tell me how she met your proposition."

"Like a mad fool, as she is. She says she will die with the prince."

"How spoke she? Was she in a passion, or was she calm and rational?"

"As calm as is the sea when no breath of air moves upon it."

"Then," said the spy, with a shrug of the shoulder, "we may not force her. I know her temper very well. If she says she will die with her husband, be sure she means it."

"And there is the end," added Rinaldi, bitterly.

"Not necessarily, Signor."

"Dagolfo!"

"I am listening."

"You say that need not be the end. Show me how."

"Let her have time for reflection after the prince, whom she loves so well, is dead. When she knows that he is forever beyond the reach of her sympathy, she may be glad to purchase life of you."

"Go on, Dagolfo."

"There are dungeons in the prison which you, as chief of the Three, can hold against intrusion. Let Zenella be conveyed to one of these, and let Hester, the Jewess, take her place in Dandolo's cell, and there die. The dead body will be cast into the pit, and the executioners will think they have cast down the body of her who has been condemned. And thus, my lord, you will hold Zenella for further trial. Do you think it worth your while?"

"By Saint Mark! yes!" cried the Councillor, smiting his hand upon the little oaken table by which he sat. "When she is thus in our power I can starve her into subjection. Dagolfo, can you make the exchange? Can you take Zenella away to a secret crypt, and convey the Jewess to Dandolo's dungeon?"

"I think I can, my lord."

"But you speak as speaks one who has not full faith."

"Signor Rinaldi," said the spy, after a short pause, "I will be frank with you. It is not my lack of faith, but rather the lack of inducement on my part. You are calling upon me to perform more than I have interest in. Thus far I have but done my duty, abiding by the law; but in this—"

"Stop, Dagolfo! In one word, what inducement do you want?"

"It is not for me to name it, my lord."

"And yet, for a sufficient inducement, you are willing to undertake the work?"

"If I undertake it, be sure I will do it. Think for a moment of the prize you are to gain."

"Ah," replied the Councillor, shaking his head, "if you could give me assurance that the prize is to be won, even after you have done your extremest part, I would refuse nothing; but what say you to five hundred sequins?"

"For that sum, my lord, I will make the exchange."

"It must be done at once."

"Wait you here, my lord, and I will bring you speedy word that the work is accomplished."

The spy took a bunch of keys from a hook upon the wall and left the apartment; but he had not been gone a great while ere he returned, his face blanched and his frame quivering.

"How now, Dagolfo! Have you failed?"

"Hush!" whispered the spy, turning the key in the door. "Rinaldi," he resumed, upon sitting down, "this thing must be given over. You have seen the girl, and you have tried her temper. I can assure you that all further effort in that direction will be utterly useless."

"Oh, no, Dagolfo; you cannot turn me aside thus. If you dare not do the work you yourself proposed, I will do it myself. Give me the keys."

"My lord, will you not listen to reason?"

"By the mass! you offer no reason."

The spy hesitated, and the workings of his face and of his hands told that he was deeply moved.

"Signor Rinaldi," he said, at length, "the work is beyond our power. Stop! Listen till I tell you. Do you remember that you once asked me concerning a certain Moor whom you heard the familiars speak of?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, that Moor I have arrested as a spy, and he is in our prison. I cannot tell you what he is; but I can assure you that we both have occasion to fear him. His life is a mystery. He is a friend to Alonzo de Verona, and has some strange connection with Zenella. In short, he hath in his power to give us great disturbance. He must not be brought into communication with the prince nor with Zenella."

"But, Dagolfo, said you not he was in prison?"

"Yes, and the Doge hath found it out. He was arrested at the house of the Jew Benhadad, whither he had gone in quest of Zenella; and some secret messenger hath brought intelligence to the palace. I was ordered from here I met Bassano, who informed me that Giovanni had demanded of our jailer the keys of the cells in the eastern wing of the Palace Crypt, and had gone to visit the Moor."

"But, Dagolfo—"

"Peace, my lord. Not a moment is to be lost. If the Moor is brought face to face with our prisoners, then farewell to our golden prize. Aye, more than that. The very stones that encompass the chamber of our Secret Council may be brought down about our heads. It must not be."

"In heaven's name, Dagolfo, what would you do?"

"Lead the condemned at once to execution. With the Prince of Verona and his fair Zenella at the bottom of the pit, the Moor may bide till he is hoarse, and it cannot avail against us; but if he sees those prisoners, I cannot answer for the consequence. My lord, be wise, and save yourself. Save the gold you hold in promise. As I live, I know what I say. The Doge is now with the Moor. Ere long he may come forth and demand to see the condemned."

"But his demand is of no authority."

"Aye, but you know not Giovanni if you think him weak and faltering when once aroused. He will summon the Council of Ten—he may already have done so—and make his demand through them. *Demonio!* Can you not see the danger? How will we explain to the Council the division you had proposed to make of De Verona's confiscated estates! By Saint Mark! my lord, even Cosmo dare not see this suffered at the hands of the executioner."

"Enough!" cried Rinaldi, now thoroughly alarmed.

"The power is yet in our hands if we will but use it," insinuated the spy.

"Use it at once!" pronounced the Councillor. "Summon the executioners and let the condemned be led to their doom. You have the warrant of our Secret Council!"

"Yes."

"Then hasten with the work."

"I will not lag, depend upon it," said the spy, as he turned the key and left the door. "To be thwarted now would be ruin!"

And the man who had paved his way to vengeance and to success with so many fallen heads went forth upon his fatal mission!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LION IS REARDED IN HIS DEN!

After the Doge had sent the page, Lorenzo, upon his mission, he remained for some time in a state of extreme prostration. The various emotions which had possessed him during the night had been of a most potent and fearful kind, and had awakened directly upon his tender sympathies. And not only this, but there had been so much of terror and dread—so much of strife and contention in his bosom—that calm reason had been for the time shut out. He remained in his seat, with his brow resting upon his hands, until, through the medium of our sense, he had succeeded in recovering somewhat of his self-possession, and then he arose, and slowly paced up and down the chamber, murmuring, as he went, words of self-encouragement, and thus he was engaged when De Castro re-entered the room.

"Ha! Francisco—hast succeeded?"

"I have, my master."

"You found the Moor?"

"I have the keys that will open the way to his place of confinement, and can lead you thither."

"You had no trouble?"

"None at all. The jailer is my friend, and I won him over very easily. One of the underlings is in waiting in the ante-room, and will conduct you."

The Doge had now risen above the temporary prostration, and was strong and resolute. His step was firm, his form was erect, and the light of his eye was clear and bright.

"Francisco," he said, approaching his friend, and touching him upon the bosom, "if this Moor is what I think, I shall, within the hour, be called to make a peremptory demand of the Council of Ten, and to thwart a wicked scheme of the Secret Three. I tell thee, Count, it is no small matter. Doges are this have lost their lives for such cause; but I have a God-given right on my side, and I will dare the result. But I must have my guard at hand. O, my Francisco, be sure that our captain, Azola, will not shrink!"

"My good prince," returned the count, promptly, and with perfect assurance, "if you can show to Azola that you have right and justice on your side, against wrong and injustice on the part of the Council, you may depend upon him. Not only has he cause of hatred against the Secret Three, and especially against the base and wicked Rinaldi, but the old Count Antonio was as a father unto him, and he dearly loves Alonzo."

"By the sacred host!" cried the Doge. "I can show him that I have Heaven's own right against the wickedness of conspiracy and wrong!"

"Then press boldly forward, Giovanni, and fear not. The jailer's assistant is in waiting, and will conduct you to the Moor's cell."

"And while I am gone, Francisco, do you see the captain, and bid him be prepared. Here—you take this bell above our heads!"

"Yes."

"The cord which starts its noisy tongue hangs upon the wall of the Council Chamber of the Ten. It is used to summon me to Council; but I will to-night use it for a different purpose. As soon as the Ten are assembled, you will conduct Azola and his guard to this chamber, and instruct him, when he hears that bell, to make haste to the place of council with two score, at least, of the best and most trusty men. Will you remember?"

"The count promised, and the Doge, having thrown a silken mantle over his shoulders, left the apartment. In the ante-room he found the jailer, who, without a word, led the way towards the prison. In one of the corridors the guide stopped and took a lighted lantern from a niche in the wall, and then proceeded.

The Moor had not been borne to the outer prison, but had been lodged in one of the crypts of the Ducal Palace, and the place of his confinement was soon reached, where the jailer set down his lantern and turned toward the Doge.

"Here the Moor is confined. Does your highness command me to open the door?"

"I ask it as a favor, my good man."

The jailer shook his head significantly.

"I cannot grant a favor, even to your highness, but I can obey the absolute command of the Doge."

"I understand. Yes—I command thee to open the door, and then to await within call for my further pleasure."

"One word, your serene highness: Is it your purpose to let the Moor away?"

"I may command you to do so."

"Beware! I cannot disobey, but I would be assured that you have a sufficient power of right and authority to maintain the position."

"Rest easy on that score, my friend. If I order the Moor hence, I will pledge my own head for the safety of yours."

"Enough. I shall hear and obey. But your highness must be expeditious, for I think our approach has been observed by one of the familiars."

The jailer cast back the bolts, and opened the door, and Giovanni took the lantern and went in. He was not gone a great while, and when he came forth his features were wrought upon by an anxiety most intense, and his whole frame quivered with excitement.

"Jailer!"

"Here, your highness."

"Cast off the irons from the limbs of the prisoner. Quick, in God's name!"

The jailer went in, where he found Maleck, the Moor, sitting upon a low stool, loaded with chains. The shackles were quickly unlocked, and the heavy links fell upon the pavement the prisoner arose to his feet.

"Now, good Taddeo," cried the Doge, "not a moment is to be lost. Go you in the center with the lantern, and I will follow with the prisoner. Take the private way to my own apartments."

The jailer obeyed without further question, and the ducal apartments were reached in safety, but here Taddeo had a suggestion to offer.

"Your serene highness will, perhaps, allow me to remain in sight of the prisoner until he comes before the council. Such is my duty."

"And such," replied Giovanni, "is my wish. Ah, here is Francisco. My dear Count, the Moor is safe. Behold him here! Taddeo will hold him in charge, and will produce him upon proper summons. Have you seen the captain of our guard?"

"I have, prince, and all is right in that quarter."

"And now for the report of Lorenzo."

"He is here, your highness."

And at a signal from De Castro the page entered the ducal presence; but ere he had spoken the bell, to which the Doge had called his count's attention, was rung.

"Ah! That summons me to the Hall of Council. Thou hast been expeditious, Lorenzo."

"Yes, your highness," replied the page. "I found the Ten without trouble. They were most of them—all save the Three—in council at the Mint."

"Good! And now, Francisco, you understand?"

"Perfectly, your highness."

"Remember, at the sound of the bell, you send my captain to me."

"I will not forget."

"He at hand? He cannot fail me! O, Francisco, you know not—"

"Peace, my prince! Azola will not fail you."

Giovanni grasped the hand of his friend; then he turned and whispered to the Moor, and then left the apartment.

The hall of the Council of Ten was a large apartment, elaborately finished and furnished, with arched windows of richly stained glass; and the stuccoed walls were adorned with many rare works of art.

The chief of the Ten, an old noble named Montano, was in his elevated seat upon a red-covered dais, while before him, upon either hand, leaving the space directly in front open, sat eight of his companions. The tenth had not yet appeared. It will be understood that the State Inquisitors were of this number, the Ten electing from their own number the Secret Three.

"My lord," spoke Alvado, addressing his chief, "what is the business upon which we are convened?"

"I know not, my brother."

"Are we summoned hither by the Doge?"

"Yes."

"Hath he authority?"

"He hath, by our laws, that authority, when the life or honor of a Venetian noble is at stake."

"But if such noble hath been justly condemned to die?"

"If, in such case, the Doge should interfere to shield the culprit, he would be himself answerable to our august Council. But—here comes his highness. Aye, and Rinaldi also."

At the same moment the Doge and the Inquisitor entered the hall from opposite directions. The latter took his seat by the side of Alvado, while the former advanced to the open space before the chief. Giovanni wore his ducal bonnet and purple robe, and bore in his hand the sceptre of State.

"Doge of Venice," said Montano, with more the bearing of a monarch than of a subject, "we are assembled here at thy bidding, and upon thy responsibility. What hast thou to communicate?"

"My lords of the Council," returned Giovanni, with promptness and boldness, "I have called you hither that you may reverse a most unjust and unwarranted decision of the State Inquisition, whereby—"

"Hold!" interrupted the chief, with a wave of the hand. "Remember the fate of him who wore the ducal bonnet before thee."

"I am not a Trevisani, my lord. I fear no man while in my heart is held uppermost the good of Venice; and while I hold the sceptre I will protect my people so far as in me lies."

"Thou speakest boldly, Giovanni."

"Aye—because I speak for Right and for Justice. Hear me: The Council have condemned to death the Prince of Verona—"

"And he richly merited the death," spoke the Inquisitor Mendoza.

"My lord," pursued the Doge, still addressing the chief, "the prince is not guilty of that of which he hath been charged, and I demand that he be brought hither that his innocence may be shown."

"Is that all you would ask?" suggested Alvado, contemptuously.

"No," replied Giovanni. "I demand that the wife of the prince, who hath been sentenced to death with him, be also brought hither. And I furthermore demand the rescue of a certain Moor, named Maleck, who hath been this night arrested. My lord, there is no time to waste. In the name of the people of the Republic, whose ruler I am, I demand an answer."

"This is absurd!" exclaimed Rinaldi, from his seat. "Who ever heard of such a thing! What have we, in council, to do with the flats of the Inquisition? If the Doge seeks redress of such nature, let him seek it at the hands of those who alone have power to grant it."

"Rinaldi is right," said the chief. "We cannot interfere with the State Inquisition."

The Doge could scarcely restrain himself as became the dignity of the occasion.

"My lords of the Council," he said, sternly and solemnly, "the people of Venice have not set the Inquisition upon the topmost pinnacle of power; and if you have chosen so to do, you have done it unjustly. A noble of the State is condemned to death, and his name to lasting infamy, and yet I know that he is innocent. Once more I demand that the Prince of Verona and the Princess Zenella be brought hither, and on my life I will show that they are not guilty."

"Doge of Venice, it cannot be done."

"Beware, my lord! I have marked my course, and I have counted the cost. If you refuse me, I will appeal to the people."

The Inquisitors laughed in concert.

"You are beside yourself, Giovanni," said the chief. "You forget where you are."

"I know very well where I am. I am in the Ducal Palace, and I AM DUKE! It is you, my lord, who forget. Once for all—Will you grant my petition—made in the name of Justice and Right?"

The chief of the Ten was ill at ease, for there was a power and majesty in the bearing of the Doge which he had not seen in a Doge of Venice before. He knew full well that the Council of Ten had arrogated to itself powers which the State never intended it should possess: and he knew, too, that a dread power had been lodged in the hands of the Secret Three which was decidedly hostile to the best interests of the people. But he had been too used to holding Doges in check to give way now; and dreaming not how bold was the man with whom he had to deal—how bold and how desperate—he haughtily answered:

"We can grant nothing you ask. You have our answer."

"Then answer to the Arm of Power!" said Giovanni. And he advanced to the side of the dais and pulled the bell-cord which was suspended from the wall.

In the turn of the council were wondering what this could mean the large door communicating with the ducal apartments was thrown open, and Azola, the captain of the guard, in full brightly costume, with sword in hand and his bright buckler upon his arm, strode into the hall; and behind him came two score stout guardsmen, their helmets glittering, their silver-plated helmets gleaming brightly in the lamplight and their crimson ostrich plumes waving defiantly.

"In God's name! Doge of Venice, what means this?" gasped Montano, starting to his feet.

"It means," replied Giovanni, proudly, "that I, Giovanni, Doge of Venice, assume authority in my own palace!"

"Then be it so!" pronounced the chief.

"Signor Azola, I, your commander-in-chief, in the name of the Republic, command you. There are within the Prison of the State the Prince Alonzo de Verona, and Zenella, his wife, condemned most unjustly and most wickedly to death. I, on my life, so declare. Bring them hither as quickly as may be, and suffer no opposition to the performance of your duty. If there be wrong in this, upon my head let the penalty fall. As I who command, and I will be answerable!"

"Azola," cried the chief of the Ten, "you dare not."

"My lord," answered the captain, "I have no choice. I know but one commander in Venice, and he is the Doge. Should he command me to storm the Council Hall I would obey him."

"By Saint Mark, this is open treason."

"My lord," ventured Azola, "while the Doge has the military arm to support him, he will stand upon the right. If he be wrong, you will have your redress."

"No more," commanded Giovanni. "Momentum is as precious as time now, Signor Azola. Leave your lieutenant, with a score of guardsmen, here with me; and go you with the rest upon the mission I have given. Fail not upon your peril."

And the members of the august Council, astonished and wonder-stricken, and utterly unable to help themselves against the power which the Doge has thus summarily and unexpectedly brought to bear upon them, sank back into their seats to await a result which they could not further resist.

Rinaldi alone remained upon his feet, and as the guardsmen who were to follow the captain filed from the hall, he sought to glide away by a secret door near his seat; but the lieutenant's eye was upon him, and under direction of the Doge he was brought back. A bitter curse was upon his lips, and he quivered with a rage frightful to behold; but as he held a secret unknown to his companions, they could give him no sympathy in his misfortune, but could only wonder why he alone should be so fearfully stricken.

(To be Continued.)

Not Willin'.

Says bould Barney Milligan,
To Biddy McSulligan,
"Ouch faith! this month I'll be takin' a kiss."
Cries Biddy McSullligan,
"Yo'd bether be still agin,
Off! not be endocrin' sich treatment as this."

"Arrah! Dearest Biddy,
Be aisy, be siddy,
Indade, it's no harm to be makin' a mike this;
Ouch! Scratch a man's nose off,
And tear all his clo'es off,
It's a de'ul av a sor to be takin' a kiss."

"Go way, Mr. Barney,
No more of your blarney,
Or instid av a kiss yo'll be gettin' a kick.
Ould red-headed Barney,
Yer wastin' yer blarney,
Fur—here comes the maids! Ouch! Barney, be quick!"

English Visitor (at Irish hotel)—And mind not to forget my morning paper the very first thing, Bridget.

Bridget—No fear o' that, sorr, for won't I be buyin' it over night to make sure!

And yet they say the Irish aren't a go-ahead lot. Bosh!].

Not a Copper Left.

Judge (to prisoner convicted of larceny)—Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is pronounced?

Prisoner—No, I'm broke. I had ten shillings when I came in here, but my lawyer's got that ten shillings now."

Story of an Unsnubable Reporter.

He crossed the Atlantic purposely to "interview" the Poet-Laureate. Lord Tennyson in some way heard of the threatened invasion of his *lares et penates*, and ensconced himself more obstinately than ever behind his thickset walls of stone and hedge.

But he reckoned without his host; for one Sunday morning, after a whole week's waiting and watching near the poet's stronghold, the enterprising Washingtonian cornered the Poet Laureate on his way back from Whippingham Church, where the Queen also goes.

"Good morning, Mr. Tennyson. I've come all the way from the States to report an interview with you on things in general."

"Excuse me, sir, I have not the honor of knowing you, and must decline being what you call 'interviewed,' either by you or any other reporter," replied the poet.

"It's all the same to me whether you do or not," stuck in the American; "I'll write out an interview, and get paid for it just the same"—which he did.

Not Half the Fun He Expected.

Judge—So you were beating your wife, were you?

Prisoner—I was just having a little fun with her, yer Honor.

"You call it a little fun to knock her down, pull half her hair out and kick her through the window, do you?"

"I was only in fun, yer Honor."

"Well, you are willing to pay $50 for your fun, I hope."

"No, yer Honor, I ain't. Make it $25, Jedge. She hit me a swipe over the head with a cheer, and I didn't have half as much fun as I thought I would."

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WHY?

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CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNGEST MISS DARRELL.

When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependents,
Which labored after him to the mountain top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
—Timon of Athens. Act 1, Scene 1.

Nearly three years had gone by and the Darrells were still at the Priory; their household had not been decreased—on the contrary, indeed, for Madge had been at home from her school in Milan for nearly six months, and neither Violet nor Georgie was yet married.

It cannot be said that time had dealt altogether so smoothly with them as their future prospects had seemed to promise when they took possession of the house. Four hundred a year, with the addition of the slender income on which Mrs. Darrell had managed somehow to bring up her daughters, if not in comfort at least in health and respectability, had seemed to them like a large fortune; but in reality that sum is but a small income, even when it is further supplemented by having no house rent to pay.

As might have been expected, the legacy of three hundred pounds had not proved sufficient to cover the cost of putting the exceedingly dilapidated house into repair and also that of furnishing it, although the house itself, indeed itself had been, so far as the decorations went, kept as low as possible by means of choosing the simplest of papers and the plainest of paint. Still even by denying themselves all the little luxuries of art papers and dadoes, friezes and dado rails, and the seductive delights of cosy corners and tall Japanese screens, by doing without old china—even such as could be got on the "pick-up" principle—and by furnishing with a great deal of cretonne and muslin frilling to a very little substantial oak and rosewood, when the various bills for making their house habitable came in, Mrs. Darrell found that, with all her efforts, the amount had swelled up to something over four hundred pounds instead of being something just under three.

And that hundred and odd pounds had hung like a leaden weight about the dear lady's neck ever since. Truly it was not a rolling stone, and somehow or other it gathered moss at a prodigious rate.

"I thought, when we turned our backs on Milan, that I should never know another care in the world," she sighed one dismal November day to Violet, who was busy with the body of an evening gown which she was trimming with fresh gauze.

"What is it now, darling?" Violet asked, turning her beautiful placid eyes, so like to her her mother's had been, from the work on her knee to an ugly looking blue paper in Mrs. Darrell's hand.

"Income tax," Mrs. Darrell answered. "And somehow I always feel the income tax the hardest to pay of anything. It seems such a shame that when we want the money for a dozen other things it should have to go for that. It's like throwing it into the street—it is really."

"Yes, it does seem too bad," Violet assented. "Ah! here is Georgie."

Miss Georgie came in with a rush. "What a miserable fire you two always keep," she began; then caught up the poker, and stirred the dull-burning coals vigorously.

"Georgie, put the poker down; I cannot have it," Mrs. Darrell cried. "The coals are nearly out now, Virginie tells me, and how we are to go on getting more and more at their present rate, I don't know."

Georgie dropped the poker and settled herself down upon the hearthrug in her favorite attitude, spreading out her little white and useless hands to the blaze, such as it was.

"Does it ever occur to either of you," she asked, "that now we have nearly half a hundred a year—quite five hundred a year, if you take the rent into consideration—we are really a great deal poorer than we were in Milan?"

"Our ideas have grown since then," returned Violet.

"Yes; and, of course, Madge has grown into a monster since then," remarked Georgie calmly. "When she was a gawky slip of a girl with frocks above her ankles, she could wear up our things; it must make a great difference to you, mother, to have to dress her as well as us."

There was a distinct tone of resentment in the girl's voice against her younger sister for having had the audacity to leave her gawky girlhood behind her and grow up into a fine young woman. Violet made haste to do instant battle for the absent one.

"As Madge is not out yet, her clothes don't cost much; and really, Georgie, my dear, now that you have broached the subject, don't you think it would be a very simple way of economising if you had your gowns cut down for you? You are so very small, you know, that you would have fresh seams everywhere."

"I!" gasped Georgie—"I wear somebody's—anybody's—Madge's old clothes! Why, Vi, my dear, you must be dreaming or out of your mind to suggest such a thing.

"Not at all," returned Violet, coolly; "Madge had a good long spell at wearing yours, so why shouldn't you turn and turn about? It would only be fair. And, after all, what is there so very wonderful about you that you should invariably have the best of everything?"

"I don't have the best of everything," retorted Georgie; "but I do get the worst time when I go out because I've got a contented mind, which is more than any of you have. I had a lovely time last night—just lovely."

"How many times did you go to supper?" inquired Violet, holding the bodice a little way the better to get an idea of certain folds of the pretty sheeny gauze with which she was bedecking it.

"Oh! only three."

"Only three—Ah! here is Madge, Madge, do you know if Virginie is going to bring tea?"

"I heard the teaspoons rattling just now," Madge answered. "Why, mother, dearie, what's the matter?"

"Income tax," returned Mrs. Darrell, wearily. "But where have you been, child? You are blue with the cold."

"In my room, dear."

"Horribly extravagant I call it using another room and burning more candles," said Georgie, possessing herself of the poker and pattaging the fire here and there so as to coax a few extra rays out of its dull heart.

Madge laughed outright. "It's what you'll never do, Georgie, my dear," she said with some sarcasm. "Your *mellet* is rather to sit in the highest place and take care you keep the dire from every one else and warm you else from the fire—that's your line, isn't it?"

"A very sensible line too," said Georgie, carelessly; "much more sensible than going about fancying one's too good for this world altogether, and dashing one's fingers with ink to show that one is literary, and wasting good time and ink and paper."

Madge unceremoniously pushed her small sister to one side and plumped down on the hearthrug beside her. "Have you been to Idleminster this afternoon, Georgie?" she inquired mildly.

"Yes," said Georgie, rather curtly.

"It isn't a very promising sort of day, is it?" Madge went on in dulcet tones. "Did you see many people you know?"

"No—not many," Georgie answered.

"I saw Flora West go past just after lunch," Madge persisted.

"I saw her," said Georgie, unwillingly.

"Did you walk home with her?"

"No."

"Then who was she with?"

"She didn't see me at all," replied Georgie, evading the question after a way peculiarly her own.

"Did you see Teddy St. Oswald?" Madge went on after a moment's pause.

"No—he's on duty to-day."

"Oh, Geoff Hastings?"

"No" — with a doleful shake of the head which made all the feathery golden hair glitter in the firelight.

"Not Joey Lancaster?"

"Yes. I did see him," with a frown.

"Ah!—well, that would be some consolation to you from your walk."

"He didn't see me, admitted Georgie, in a very small voice.

"Then he was with Flora West!" Madge rapped out, sharply. "And so you come home as cross as two sticks, you little transparent humbug, and find fault with everybody about you. Upon my word I think you ought to be shaken," and forthwith Madge gave the little beauty such a vigorous nudge with her strong young elbow that a complete shipwreck was the immediate result, for Georgie, being taken unawares, and sitting with her hands clasped about her knees, was sprawling on the floor the next moment.

Madge jumped up, laughing immoderately.

"Here is Virginie—how I do want my tea," she cried, in her fresh, young, hearty voice. "I am simply famishing."

"Leave a little for somebody else," put in Georgie, pulling herself up and settling her together and settled all her trimmings and ornaments to her liking. "And don't knock me down again like that, if you please, Madge. I don't like it."

"You should have held your ground better, my child," Madge laughed. "By-the-bye, *apropos* of dear Joey, did you hear that lovely story about him the other day?"

"No—what story?" forgetting her resentment in her curiosity to know what Madge might have to tell. "About me?"

"You! No—not exactly! It was Major Gooch's little boy who went with his mother to the barrack children's Christmas Tree last year. Major Gooch had a bad cold and Tom went into his bedroom full of all he had seen and done, particularly of Joey Lancaster, whom Tom did not recognise, for he had, with his usual good nature, got himself up as an Italian organ-grinder, monkey and all. "The man," he said, excitedly, "had an organ—and a monkey; and first the man played and then the monkey danced on the top of the organ; and then, when the man had finished playing, the monkey jumped down, took his father's hand, and then went away.' It's a lovely story, especially when you come to know Joey," said Madge, with a mischievous gleam in the brown depths of her great sombre eyes.

"Joey's not a bit like a monkey," Georgie flashed out.

"No—no, soothingly; "but 'tis a pretty story all the same, don't you think?"

"No, I don't," cried Georgie, furiously; "and I believe you just made it up out of sheer spite because Joey never takes any notice of you. Like a monkey indeed! He's not half so much like a monkey as you are!"

"Children—children," put in Mrs. Darrell, hastily—"do not make one another's lives hard can there be about that very ugly young man to interest either of you?"

"I beg to differ with the open," added Violet—"so smooth your ruffled plumes, Georgie, and bless the fact that there's no likelihood of your ever being taken for the monkey's mother!" and Georgie had to pull herself together and obey, for she was noted throughout Idleminster as a gay, bright, breezy little girl, who was as full of life and fun as a freshly opened bottle of champagne; and it would not do to lose her character and be found in the bosom of her family with mistaken sulks. All the same, it was not a very easy task when that imp of mischief sat throned in Madge's big brown eyes, and she had been backed up by two such Job's comforters as her mother and Violet. And almost before she had got her ruffled plumage straight again Virginie opened the door and announced—"Mistarre Lancaster!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE WHITE DRAGOONS.

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love.

—Much Ado About Nothing. Act 3, sc. 3.

Somehow or other, Mrs. Darrell got over the income-tax trouble and also the coal bill, so the coal house at the Priory was once more full to overflowing, and Georgie was able to repose her shivering little person in the very front of a blazing fire and to stir and smash the burning mass to her heart's content. It was a distinct extravagance on her mother's part to allow it, of course, but it was really more as a defensive measure than anything else. For when there were no men to be found to make the little beauty's glances lie just the right way and glint and gleam like a burnished pigeon in the sunshine, there was no method of keeping her quiet and in a humor of gentle complacency equal to leaving her to work her own sweet will upon a fire of good size; and somehow, if Georgie was not well pleased with her circumstances and surroundings, there was not much chance of any ease or comfort for anyone else who happened to be living under the same roof.

Early in December there came an invitation for the annual ball given by the officers at the Cavalry Barracks, and great was the excitement it which it caused in the household at the Priory.

The whole Regiment had not been quartered very long at Idleminster, and two regiments had had a spell there since the Royal Horse went off to India. But, as is customary in garrison towns, the friends of regiments which had been there two years are to be new comers; and although the Darrells knew but few of the officers as yet—leave season having set in almost immediately after they settled down in Ambledith Barracks—they had duly called on the married people, and were on fairly intimate terms with several of them. So when the first batch of invitations went out the president of the ball committee was bidden by more than one voice to put down "the widow with the pretty girls and brothers who live up in Ambledith. Her name? Oh!—er—Dallas or Darrell. Yes, that was it—Darrell."

"I shall be obliged to have a new frock for it," remarked Miss Georgie, when their first little excitement had subsided.

"Out of your allowance then, Georgie," said her mother, sharply.

"Out of my allowance! Well, I don't see how that's to be done, unless I get it at Hoppin's and pay for it by-and-by," returned Georgie, carelessly.

"And that you know I strongly object to," exclaimed her mother. "It is surely bad enough that I have debts which I cannot get rid of or clear off, try and save and skimp as I will, without you girls hampering me by running up these bills for which I am responsible. And you have a pretty dress, Georgie. You have only worn your blue three times."

"It has not quite historic by this time," cried Georgie, with a superb air of disdain; and then she put on a soft little coaxing air and sighed. "Mammie, dear, can't you squeeze a new frock out for me, just for once?"

"When you came out, Georgie, my dear," said Mrs. Darrell, sadly, "I gave nearly ten pounds for a white silk gown for you, over and above your allowance. Madge has never had an allowance yet. She has contentedly worn anything that I could give her; but now that she is coming out, I really must make her equal to you and Violet. And how I am to afford a white silk gown for her, I do not know."

"I don't want you to afford it, mother," Madge put in, hurriedly. "I will send up to Regent street and get some pretty soft Indian silk, and Vi will help me to make it—won't you, Vi?"

"Of course I will," replied Violet, promptly.

"It won't cost a third of ten pounds, Madge went on, hopefully; "and those Indian silks wear beautifully. It will last me for ages; and I will manage it out of my allowance, dear; so don't worry about it."

"Then you'll be able to manage a new frock for me very easily," put in Georgie, complacently, in her delight at the idea of new garments forgetting to protest against the boorishness, as she called it, of Madge's being incroduced into society at all.

However, Mrs. Darrell stood her ground firmly on the subject of the new frock, and Georgie (when it was plainly intimated to her that if she did not feel inclined to make the historic little, which she had worn three times, serve for that occasion also, she might successfully solve the difficulty by staying at home) quietly, after her way, forgot all her declamation that it was simply impossible to wear it, and having touched it up here and there, and bidden her devoted slave, Joey Lancaster, send her the freshest and costliest of hothouse flowers to wear in her hair and for her breast knot, dressed herself for the ball as gaily as if the thought of a new frock had never entered her mind at all. In fact, being ready and waiting, she condescended to walk round tall and stately Madge, who looked classic and beautiful in her clingingly Indian gown, and informed her that she really looked very nice—very nice and sweet. "Indeed, I shouldn't at all wonder," she said, graciously, "if you don't have a very good time, although, of course, you don't know any men, and you're so immensely tall that a good many who have danced with your mother would hardly like to ask you to dance with them."

Madge burst out laughing. "Well, if that is so, I shall not be able to poach on your preserves, Georgie; and anyway I should think your friend, the monkey's father, would hardly have the audacity to show himself off in a waltz with me."

"You have the knack of saying disagreeable things, Madge," said Georgie, with supreme disdain. "I should think he will scarcely ask you to dance when there are so many women he knows. Besides, he would have sent you flowers like mine," bending to look the costly sprays upon her bosom, "if he had thought anything about you."

"Poor child," laughed Madge. "I'm glad he saved his money."

But for once Georgie was proof against any manner of teazing, and the cab was already waiting at the gate. Virginie came out with the strip of carpet which she always put down for her young ladies on gala nights, and the next moment they were rattling away in the direction of the town.

The ball was, as all large dances were given in Idleminster, held in the Assembly Rooms; and truly they were a lovely sight that night; enough for the moment to take Madge's breath away almost, though she was careful to hide from Georgie's observant eyes that she was in any way impressed by the, to her, new scene. In the street outside the rooms, stretching away to right and left of the entrance door, were some 100 stalwart dragoons on horseback, shrouded in their big cloaks, and bearing each a flaming torch. In the entrance itself stood half a dozen troopers, to give any aid that might be necessary; and within, the vestibule was lined with soldiers in full dress, who leaned upon their carbines and might have been wooden dummies, so still and motionless they stood, had it not been for the ever-watchful gleam of their eyes from under the peaks of their brass helmets.

Then at the entrance of the ball-room itself stood two gorgeous personages, resplendent with gold lace, and each of a rotundity of person and a florescence of countenance which spoke volumes for the ease of the life they led. One of these, the train-bearer, was Cesar, held a huge silver waiter, on which the ball programmes were heaped; the other, the regimental sergeant major (an awful swell, mind you) received first each partner's card, their card of invitation and bawled out the different names thereon, for the edification of the group of officers within, who were waiting to bid them welcome.

When Georgie Darrell had got thus far she forgot altogether to keep her eye on Madge any longer, and with a sigh of delight gave herself up to the pleasure of the evening. In a moment she was surrounded by a bevy of very young gentlemen in uniform—several militia subalterns, two men of the Blankshire regiment, who were fond of a spell of musketry practice with the Chalkshire Regiment, which was represented by Georgie's special favorites, Teddy St. Oswald, Geoff Hastings, and the respectable father of the monkey, Joey, Lancaster himself.

With a business-like air, she dispensed her favors—a waltz to one, a polka to another, a square to a third, and so on; and it was a nice and cry after the privilege of taking her in to supper and for the honor of any extra dances there might be. And finally Georgie went off to join the first dance with Joey., with a card scribbled over in every direction, each space being not a dance but a date to give, even if a royal prince should ask her for it.

"I must just look after my little sister," she remarked in her most confidential and sisterly tones to Joey when they had taken their turn down the room. "This is her step into the giddy world, you know."

"Yes, I suppose so; all the same, nobody would take her for your little sister," said Joey; "she looks years older than you do."

"Not really," simpered Georgie; then opened her eyes with their most innocent and baby expression. "Why, whom is she dancing with?" (for Madge, with her clinging ivory robes showing off well against a white Dragoon uniform, was swung slowly past them).

"Oh, that's Lesley," answered Joey. "Awful swell Lesley is, or thinks himself. Your sister ought to feel herself flattered by his dancing with her."

"I daresay she does," returned Georgie rather tartly, for it was gall and wormwood to her to see Madge thus superbly matched with a partner.

Joey gave an uneasy glance at her. There was an acidity in her tone which he had not often heard before and which he felt a trifle afraid of, not knowing whether it was due to the lady's ruffled dignity at his presuming to make such a remark about her sister, or whether she did not like to see that same sister dancing with that particular partner.

As a matter of fact, it was from neither cause that Georgie's tones had turned so suddenly acid, but simply and solely because without a thought she had, after her custom, not to say pride, let her programme be filled up with in a few minutes of entering the room; and then to see Madge, the despised younger one when she would have kept as a Cinderella at home, who had come to this ball in spite of her, in all her glory and her old frock that got too big to get into them any longer—to see her dancing the very first dance with such a man. Instead of sitting meekly under her mother's wing and wistfully carrying her! And then to realise that her full programme was not worth one such dance, and that she had lost the name of a single Dragoon, upon it—oh! it was—it was——"Let us take another turn," she said, crossly.

So they took another turn, and Georgie tried resolutely to avoid seeing what Madge was doing and to appear as if she was having an unusually good time herself, to accomplish which she took a more than ordinarily tender tone to Joey.

"Give you another," she repeated, taking his programme. "Why—what's this? Miss W——, Miss W——, Miss W——? Joey! Do you mean to say that you asked her before you saw what dances I was going to give you? Three waltzes, and you only asked me for two!!!"

(To be Continued.)

An Asiatic may make a good seaman, but it takes too ordinary sailors to make a tar-tar.

Chips.

A stitch in one's side never seems good.

A headlong man is not a man with a long head.

Some men are born great, others achieve great notoriety.

Some women never see a rat without thinking of I scream.

If you want to know what a sliding scale is try to handle a wet fish.

A man needs to be pretty fly in order to be successful in trout fishing.

"Silence is the severest criticism," but most wives don't seem to know it.

A fisherman cannot expect to catch everything. He must draw the line somewhere.

"Do you believe in the mental cure, doctor?" "Oh, yes; but one must have a mind to start with."

Many a fisherman finds that his pocketbook is the best bait that he can find for filling his bucket.

There is a certain trout known as the rainbow. Probably because it evanishes so softly from the plate.

Some one has discovered that 16,000 eggs may be found in a shad. Must have mistaken the bottom of a jug.

He is a bold man who dares always to say what he thinks. Besides being bold he is generally an awful bore.

A tailor's parson is one who supplies the money for a firm and keeps his mouth shut when it is being squandered.

It is a waste of time to look back at one's own mistakes when there is so much fun in watching the mistakes of other people.

Mollie Garfield has married J. Stanley Brown, and it is to be hoped she will make J. Stanley comb out his first name.

When only women gets a hammer
And undertakes to drive a nail,
Though nobody knows the hammer,
Her flow of words will never fail.

Customer—That is what I call Tadpole soda. Proprietor—What do you mean by that, sir? Customer—Simply that it has more head than body.

A recently published book on etiquette says: "Endeavor to select your guests with a sense of fitness." That is, do not invite a fat man to eat a slim dinner.

Nobody, to my knowledge, has ever yet explained why it is that the remarks which one overhears are always more interesting than those which come legitimately to the ear.

When a young lady gets married her father or some relative generally gives her away, but when the courtship is in progress the younger brother frequently manages to do it.

Some one says that brunettes get husbands quicker than blondes. This does not coincide with the general opinion that light-headed women have the best chance in the matrimonial market.

"Harry, say Philadelphia for mamma." "I can't," says Harry, who has sudden fits of indisposition to do what he wanted to do. "Can't what?" asks mamma gravely. "Say Phirraderfia."

A fashion journal says that stockings ornamented with twisted serpents will be worn with low shoes this summer. As socks are not mentioned, the opposite sex will probably wear their snakes in the usual and time-honored fashion.

"So your Hattie's going to graduate! Poor thing! I suppose she's pretty near tired to death with her studies." "Tired, indeed! You may well say it. She's done nothing but try on from morning to night. I shall be glad when it's all over."

"We had an entertainment out our way last evening. It was pretty good, only there was a man who read a poem, and he read it so outrageously that I couldn't understand what it was all about." "Couldn't understand what it was all about? Why, that must have been Prof. Della Harte, the distinguished elocutionist! How I should like to have been there!"

Sitting Down on Him.

"I don't altogether like this young man Milliken, who comes to see you so often. I think he is nothing but a mere clerk," said the head of the family said to his daughter at the dinner table.

"He is a very nice young gentleman," replied the daughter. "Besides, he is something more than a poor clerk. He gets a large salary and is manager of one of the departments, and expects some day to have an interest in the business."

"I hope he may," responded the old man, "but he strikes me as a very flippant, impertinent young person who in my opinion should be sat down upon."

"Well, I have invited him to supper with us this evening," said the daughter, "and I hope you'll treat him politely at least. You will find him a very different person from what you suppose him to be."

"Oh, I'll treat him politely enough," he said. That evening Mr. Milliken appeared, and made a most favorable impression upon the old gentleman.

"He is a clever young fellow, after all," he thought. "I have done him an injustice."

"I was just telling Bobby spoke up, Bobby was a well-meaning little boy, but too talkative.

"Papa," he ventured, "you know what you said to day at dinner about Mr. Milliken, that he was an impertinent young man, and ought to be sat down upon——"

"Silence, sir!" shouted the father, swallowing a mouthful of hot potato.

But the boy wouldn't be silent. "It's all right," he continued, confidentially, but in a whisper loud enough to be heard out of doors, "he has been sat down upon. Sister sat down on him last night for two hours."

After this the meal went on more quietly, owing to Bobby's sudden and jerky departure.

God sometimes washes the eyes of His children with tears, that they may see the more clearly to read aright His providence and His commandments.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

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"Don" at Killarney.

(Continued from Page Three.)

of Sir Walter Scott's novels where a cavalier rode so well that he seemed to be a part of the horse; Patterson rode so well that his horse seemed to be a part of him. We were each given a little switch, and I tapped my panting palfrey, and the footman who had him in charge gave him a little shove, and the procession started. It was a sight to see Patterson coming. The stirrups were too short and his knees projected a few inches in advance of the horse's nose. After the pony got started it seemed afraid to stop and broke into a tremulous trot, when my friend, in a passion of tenderness, threw his arms around its swan-like neck and besought him to go slower and take no chances of hurting itself.

The guide and two grooms, and six bare-footed ladies, accompanied us on our journey. The young ladies entreated us to buy some home-made socks which they carried with them for sale. I advised my friend to invest in a pair, as his trousers were gradually working

up to half-mast. Eilly O'Connor, the Colleen Bawn, stopped us every few minutes with the suggestion that this was the point at which tourists generally took a drink of mountain-dew and goat's milk. The other five young ladies immediately produced bottles of the same rare fluid extracts and asked us for the favor of a sup with them. A blind fiddler stood by the wayside playing to the echo and singing Irish songs, which sounded sweetly through the glen; his wife took up the collection.

"Here, sir, is where the Fenians made their last stand the time of the rising, sir, and the red-coats came through and tried to drive them out. Before the soldiers were in sight they were all gone, and a dreary march the red-coats had of it, sir. I was their guide and I didn't try to make it easier for them, sir. It came on rain and then snow and they were glad enough to get out of the Gap of Dunloe alive, sir. Now you can see the color of the purple mountain, sir. Queer, isn't it sir, that the flowers are all purple there, too—though it is the broken stones that give most of the color to it, sir."

High above us towered the peak, the crumbling masses of purple rock dripping with rain and the vapor bath of the clouds. The Gap of Dunloe is a place of wonderful beauty. I have seen many mountain where the peaks were thousands of feet higher, but this has a wild and sombre beauty of its own and the cloudiness of the day made still more impressive the solitudes of those lonely cairns.

"There is Serpent Lake," continued the guide, pointing to a little sheet of water far beneath us. "When St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland, the last one took refuge in that lake, sir, and St. Patrick heaped those rocks round to keep it from getting out, sir. May be you don't believe it, sir, but often the people who live about here see the snake yet, sir, particularly after they have been disregarding the teachings of St. Patrick and drinking too much mountain dew, sir."

At this point a man fires a little cannon that we may hear the echo. He was awfully kind. He took up the collection himself.

GAP OF DUNLOE.

A little further on we cross the bridge, shown in the illustration, and the guide counselled us to look back; this would be the last view of the first half of the Gap, and a view worth many a long day's journey it was. Our lady attendants suggested that tourists ordinarily took g.m. and m.d. at this point and it was several minutes before we could get started again as we had to argue the propriety of these frequent libations before we could convince our hospitable friends that we were not thirsty and had no more money. At last the guide came to our rescue and we surveyed the scenery in peace,—for five or ten minutes, which brought us to another cottage, where the six young ladies were re-inforced by eleven more, each of them with a bottle of g.m. and m.d. wrapped up in her apron and a string of No. 19 socks hanging over her arm. Further argument was necessary, and Patterson in an unguarded moment tried to bluff them by producing a sovereign and asking them if they could change it. It was immediately changed. He got back about half of it, with nothing to show as assets but a pair of woolen socks with twenty inch feet and four inch legs. I advised him to put them on for overshoes, but he resented this as an undue familiarity. It succeeded, however, in estranging the majority of the ladies who jogged along with the gray horse and left me alone with Mary O'Connor and her namesake the Coleen Brawn. My friend now led the procession, his stock having gone 50 per cent. above par, not from his attractiveness—which I contend is far inferior to my own—but from his public display of wealth and his appetite for goat's milk and home-made socks. All through the beautiful Gap the fair seventeen jogged at our side. The rest of the way lay along a narrow path above which loomed precipices hundreds of feet high and we could look down into the deep valley below. And still the invincible seventeen stuck right at our stirrups. They had evidently resolved to be sisters to us. I besought Mary O'Connor to go back home, that I hadn't another cent.

"Indade I won't lave you, sor, when you're pinyless, sor. A good friend is wan who'd stay by ye when ye haven't a pinny left, sor."

I told her that the pleasure of my society was all she was to get, that her fascinations were getting too expensive, but she only laughed and kept jogging along. The other ten shillings having been expended by the gentleman in front, some more of the ladies dropped back to visit me, and so the procession moved along until we came to the end of the Gap, where, far below us, lay the Upper Lake, a green valley stretching up to the base of MacGillicuddy's Reeks and narrowing into a mountain pass on the other side. A wide circuit is made around the base of the mountain before we reached the level road. Then I counted our escort, and they were all present. At the cottage near by, a reinforcement of a fat woman with very short skirts and two half-grown daughters, made things lively for the rest of the trip. She was a jolly and joky Irishwoman, and the wit and badinage we had from her was cheap at half a crown.

"What a swate rider yer friend is," said she to me. "He must be a gineral in the army in Amerikey, sor. What a swate oye ye hav' yersilf, sor. Indade I wouldn't think your wife 'ud trust yeh so far away, sor, wid the takin' ways ye be having, sor."

These are a few samples of the compliments we got, and we hadn't the heart to let any of them go back without a sixpence. Man is a "poor, weak critter." The pilgrims to Killarney all get the same taffy, and will be just about as soft as we were. It's human nature.

It is useless to attempt to describe the trip down the lakes. Perhaps they are not more beautiful than many of our own, but there is a charm about the scenery which I had never experienced before, and the little narrow channels which connect the lakes wind about so marvellously! The guide played on his cornet several familiar airs and every rock seemed to answer, each note being as clear and distinct as if from the cornet itself.

"That is the Devil's Whetstone, sor, and the giant that used to inhabit this mountain used to try his knife on it. You can see the slits that he made," said the guide pointing to a granite rock sliced up like cheese. This led the boatman to talk and he filled us full of legends about the white caps on the lake being called O'Donoghue's white horse, the spirit of the ancient warrior being in the happy habit of taking equestrian excursions over the water in search of his sweetheart who once lived in that neighborhood.

As we entered the lower lake we passed the Eagle's Nest, and were told many wild stories of the adventures of those who had tried to capture the young birds. We ran some little rapids under the oldest bridge in Ireland, built by the Danes, and still in good repair. A beautiful house on the shore of the lake was pointed out as one of Lord Kenmare's hunting-lodges where the Prince of Wales, or Queen Victoria—I forget which—had been entertained on a visit to Ireland twenty or thirty years ago. Then Ross Castle, a magnificent old ruin, came in view. It was the last to yield to Cromwell. The young lord of the manor is called Lord Castleross after this place. The legend connected with its fall is that the chieftain who held it had been told by a fortune-teller that danger would never come to the castle by land. The English general, after trying for many weeks to capture it from the shore, hearing the story built large rafts, and placing his soldiers thereon approached it from the water, and the besieged, seeing the prophecy fulfilled, instantly capitulated. Just before coming to the Castle we were shown the abbot's library, his books, musical instruments and all sorts of things in the rocks, where legend tells us they were fixed in stone in commemoration of his good deeds. The Lake View Hotel and many pleasure grounds surround the landing place, and there our blonde car-driver found us and drove us back to the hotel, audibly expressing to the guide his hope that the women in the pass hadn't taken so much money from us that there wouldn't be enough left to go 'round. We turned our pockets inside out before we got off the car, to convince the worthy gentlemen who had been with us that we had kept up the reputation of America and had given away everything we had. This was not entirely satisfactory, but we were permitted to pass. I am not yet able to look a goat in the face without getting a bad taste in my mouth, and sad memories of the Gap of Dunloe. DON.

Dry as a Fish.

She had marked the huskiness in his voice for the past ten minutes, and the nervous manner in which he fidgeted in his chair spoke volumes to her. She knew what was coming, and hoped it would.

"Clara," he said, finally, and his throat seemed dry and parched, "would you—that is could you—do you think that you——"

"Go on, George," she murmured, encouragingly. "I am listening."

"Would you—er—do you think you could—get me a drink of water, Clara? I am as dry as a fish."

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A druggist the other day committed a fatal error. In putting up a prescription he poisoned the patient. When the terrible news was announced to him he tore out quite a handful of his hair and remarked:

"Well! that was unlucky! It was my best customer."

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A Melbourne girl has just enjoyed the triumph of having the biggest wedding held in that city for years. She whispered about that the man she was to marry had a red-haired wife somewhere, who would come to interrupt the ceremony.

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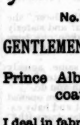

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Dip raw beef in vinegar and apply to hard and painful warts. Persevere with this application for a few days and the warts will either drop out themselves or may be removed without pain by the use of a needle or any other fine steel instrument. Having had two extremely painful warts removed from the side of my thumb, in the space of two days, by this mode of treatment, I can recommend it from personal experience.

•

Somebody wrote to me recently, asking for a remedy for rheumatism. Some people always carry a small flannel bag of sulphur about with them either in the pocket or tied round the neck, after the fashion of the camphor bags we used to place such faith in as children. Sulphur is occasionally used with good effects for rheumatism, and rubbing a little sublimed sulphur into the skin is sometimes attended with good results. An old remedy for pains in the lower limbs was to dust sublimed sulphur into the stockings. Rub the limbs well with brine of sea salt, and if possible take a course of hot salt water baths. Dress entirely in woollen clothing, having even dress linings of woollen material. Sleep in flannel night-dresses between woollen sheets.

•

A call is being made upon the charity and liberality of the English public in order to raise funds for the purchase of a building, a lease, and the freehold of a very desirable site on which to establish a hospital where the advice of properly qualified lady doctors would be provided for women of the poorer classes. It has been proven by the large attendance at the Marylebone Hospital (to be abandoned now for the new one which is projected) that among these women the services of physicians of their own sex are preferred to those of the male practitioner. Apropos of this and as an evidence that an establishment of a like character might be appreciated in Toronto let me mention an incident of comparatively recent occurrence the details of which were related to me by friends. One of the more respectable Irishwomen resident in Brown's lane had been employed by my friends for some months to do the washing. Her health having given out she was advised by them to seek advice at the General Hospital. As an examination of the part affected was necessary she was requested by the attendant physician to open the body of her dress—this in the presence of a party of students. On being asked what had been the result of compliance with the request her reply in horrified accents was, "Did yes think Oi would take aff my dress before thim yoong byes! No," with one of those oaths which rise so readily to the lips of Irishwomen but which in this case, as in many others, I should consider it the bounden duty of the recording angel to overlook, "Oi've lived decent, ma'am, an' if it comes to that Oi'll doi decent." And it came to that, for she died without, as far as I am aware, having overcome her extreme modesty to the extent of submitting to an examination.

•

I hear a good deal of lamentation over the fact that young men are so contented nowadays with single blessedness. This condition of things has been almost universally ascribed to the fancy or convenience of young men. Is it not just possible that the fault (if fault it be) may be on the side of young women. Whilst the privilege of saying yes or nay has, by courtesy, from time immemorial, been said to lie within the power of women, the press of adverse circumstances has often, in the past, conduced to an affirmative when a negative reply would have better accorded with the feelings of the favored fair. That was in the days when only one style of employment was available for gentlewomen, i. e., the drudgery of teaching in a private family. There are now many other modes of subsistence, and the tide of popular opinion is rather for than against the woman of education who adopts a business life in preference to dependence, and, now that life no longer means a choice between marriage with comparative domestic infelicity or a struggle for a crust (for a purely feminine education is but a frail staff), women do not see an urgent necessity for marrying any but a man who is in every respect up to their standard of excellence. Having a secure footing from which to view the long or short procession of their male acquaintances they can weigh, with deliberation, the domestic qualifications of each against their own unhampered freedom and a reliable, though perhaps limited income. So it is that many who are gentlewomen by birth, but who are forced to join the ranks of commercial adventurers, are too happy and contented to risk disturbing their present placidity by casting in their lot with men of doubtful reputation or of flying to evils that they wot not of by marriage with men incompetent to earn a living for themselves not to speak of a wife and family.

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Then, again, there is the mechanic's daughter. Given the same advantages of education as her brother, she absorbs this so much more thoroughly, and applies to her own deficiencies so many of the hints on social etiquette, courtesy and custom, which she reads or hears, that when they have both reached maturity she is fitted for a much more exalted plane of society than he or any of his chums will dream of entering. Such a girl as I have described I met last week. She earns her living as a bookkeeper. A companion teased her about an obnoxious wooer, one of her brother's chums and equals. "What have you against him?" said I. "Ugh," she replied, with a most acute expression of disgust, "he does not brush his teeth." "Well," I suggested, "could you not ask him why he does not, or, if you married him, get him coaxed into attending to them?" "No," she said, sitting up resolutely in her chair, looking at me with clear-eyed earnestness, "he never would. He would think I was going to make a prig or a dude of him. Correctly speaking he is ignorant and unobservant, taste in dress he considers womanish, cleanliness, which involves more than a wash-up and shave once a week, is to him not next to godliness, but neck-and-neck with dudishness. He is a good honest fellow, and as far as family goes, quite as good as I am, but I know I never could persuade him that the acquirement of any polish was not the height of folly any more than I could make him believe that the rough oaken seat contrived by a novice was as pleasing as the highly polished arm chair of his own make. It would be fearfully disagreeable to be always nagging at him about tipping his chair back and leaning his head against the wall, about the propriety of saying, 'would have gone,' instead of 'would have went,' etc., etc. I don't like snobs," and I believed her, for she seemed a girl of clear perceptions, "but I do like a man to have gentlemanly instincts, for no matter how devoid of oppor tunities such a man's life may be, 'each to-morrow finds him further than to-day.' In fact, I won't marry at all if I cannot get such a man." She dipped her pen in the ink and subsided into a contented silence which I took as a hint for leave-taking.

NUOVA AULA.

As in all things there is compensation, present or future, for visible ills, so there is in music as well. Just now in Toronto we are in a sort of musical Sahara, with very few oases to please the eye and cheer the heart, but this same dulness enables one to look beyond the horizon, and find outside of our own immediate surroundings a few items that will be of interest to our musicians and music lovers, while the space which I have hitherto devoted to local musical matters is available for their publication.

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First of all, our jolly friend, P. S. Gilmore has returned to New York after his Canadian and western tour, which resulted most successfully, the receipts exceeding one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and those of us who go down to Gotham this summer, can see the veteran, and hear his band at Manhattan Beach, a pilgrimage that is made by nearly every visitor to the great metropolis. Sea breezes, sea bathing, lager beer and music are not a bad mixture by any means during these torrid days.

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Henry Hiles, a well known English musician and composer, has written a strong appeal to the British public, in the hope that the committee of the great Birmingham festival may be induced to make room for the production of a work by an American composer. The point is well placed. We are apt to judge the merits of the American musicians by the Moody and Sankey sort of music, and the wretched Sunday school hymns and music primer songs with which we have become acquainted, but there is another and a better class of composers (though the others should hardly be called composers) who are gradually coming to the front and making their influence felt.

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While for many years the American composers of undoubted excellence might have been counted upon the fingers of one hand, the past few years have produced many men, who have shown themselves able to write music of the highest class, considered as to its form and aim, which is at the same time of undoubted excellence. Much of this progress is due to the more frequent organization of choral bodies, to the concerts given by Mr. Neuendorff to illustrate American compositions, and to the Association of Music Teachers of North America. It avails very little to the musician to compose a cantata or symphony, if he cannot find the machinery with which to perform it, and these enterprises which I have named, have made such performances possible. At the recent meeting of this association at Chicago, a number of these works were produced and met with warm applause, not only as milestones on the road of progress, but also as works of intrinsic merit.

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There is in this a lesson for us Canadians as well. Two years ago when our own music teachers met in Toronto, several original works were performed, with more or less success, and of more or less merit. The merit was sufficient to give us hope for progress, and the success was sufficient to stimulate our musicians to further effort. This year this body meets here again, and the fruits of the previous effort being known to the committee, special attention and special work should be devoted to this subject at a timely date, especially as the assistance of Mr. F. H. Torrington's orchestra might be secured. Every effort should be made to stimulate our musicians to enter the creative field, as well as the executive, and the failures which must accompany first endeavors, will in themselves be a good school, while the weaknesses, not apparent on paper, will, on rehearing, admonish the young composer to greater efforts.

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At the Chicago meeting, a very interesting paper was read by Mr. J. E. P. Aldous of Hamilton, Ont., on the Best Means to be Adopted for the Spread and Fostering of a Healthy Taste for High-class Music outside of the Great Musical Centers." In spite of its long and cumbersome title, Mr. Aldous' essay was listened to with great attention and provoked a spirited discussion. Among other points the essayist held that, although in day-dreams musicians might imagine the time was near at hand when the highest class of music would be welcomed by all, the cruel fact had to be faced that the "foot-stirring" tune still held with undivided sway the hearts of the vast majority of the people. The question of enlightening these mere tune-lovers is of paramount importance. In order to effect this much-to-be-desired end, music as an art should be taught in the public schools, efforts should be made to exclude trashy music from church services, musicians should only present high-class music at concerts, and pupils should only be allowed to play good music by their teachers.

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To all this we gratefully and earnestly subscribe, and shall probably, with the same unanimity, give way to the pupils' and parents' wish that some lively and sparkling tunes should be learned, and the Shower of Stars, and Golden Flood, and Summer Dawn, and such-like frothy effervescence will still be taught and played. The idea is right, but the trouble lies in its execution. Begin in the schools with your elevating work, banish a lot of the seven-by-nine music that is now in use there, and then skip the pupils until the parents are educated up to a higher standard by *your own* conscientious performances, and by your talks and explanations concerning the public performances of others. When this point is reached, Messieurs the Teachers, you can follow your own plan with the pupils, but before that semi-millennium the poor teacher has to live by the good will and favor of his patrons, and he may squirm as much as he will, but he must please them, or—starve.

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A few local items have rewarded my industrious grubbing for news. Miss Emma Russell, the young organist of St. Matthew's Church, is taking a well earned holiday, her place in the meantime being filled by Miss Alice Jupp. Mr. G. H. Fairclough, of the Church of the Redeemer, has gone up to Burke's Falls for four weeks to catch some big fish, and in his absence the organ will be played by Mr. Henry Martin, an old timer who used to delight church-goers at St. George's twenty years ago, when the choir was composed of Miss Sallie Holman, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Lizzie Dunn, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Billy Crane and Mr. Fahey.

METRONOME.

To-day is ladies' day at the Battle of Sedan. Admission, from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. is only 25c. All should visit this novel exhibition at least once. After 7 p.m. to-night general admission 25c.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

"The Wild West" is the most fascinating and truly exhilarating show that I have ever seen. It is a novelty, a new view of life and manners, a new study of people to most staid easterners. The extent of the exhibition can only be appreciated by either going early or remaining after the performance is over to go about the tepees of the Indians, located picturesquely in a grove of trees, a veritable frontier camp so far as "local coloring" is concerned. The cowboys' tents are arranged in a line apart from their quondam foes, and the Colorado boys, the Texans, the Mexicans, are marked out clearly by signs above the entrances to their respective tents. The tent used as an office by Buffalo Bill is readily signaled out by the great bushy head of a buffalo hanging high in front. Col. Cody has about as attractive a sanctum as one could wish for. Its interior is ornamented profusely with handsome fur robes and rugs, and it contains many portraits of distinguished people; those of General Sherman, Queen Victoria, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, are notably conspicuous. Buffalo Bill is quite a character, much admired for his handsome face and manly bearing no less than for his skill both with the rifle and on horseback. He has the respect of every Indian and cowboy employed by him, and praises of his generous and kindly treatment are heard on all sides.

The grounds at Erastina, Staten Island, are charmingly situated, and the ride over by boat, and then around the shore by train is a beautiful one.

To see so many Sioux Indians, and to know them actually trustworthy and friendly to the white people with whom they perform in mimic warfare, suggests a striking contrast to my ideas of them formed in frontier army posts, in the sixties. Then the name Sioux was a synonym for the most cruel and malicious savages, foes of subtle craft and inhuman devilry—enemies who knew no mercy. They were a constant terror and menace to the emigrant train crawling westward to seek the new Eldorado; and stories of their atrocities and depredations were of every-day occurrence. To one who experienced the awful dread, who recalls vividly the night of terror following the horrible massacre of the gallant but misguided soldiers who went forth in the pride of conceit born of an inconsiderate contempt for the Indian character, from Fort Philip Kearney, the change of twenty years seems wonderful. The wood-train, out for building materials, signaled an alarm of Indians; the commanding officer detailed a force to move to its assistance. Strict orders were given to avoid being led into an unnecessary engagement. I recall distinctly the last words given from a picket platform on the stockade, repeating in strong terms this injunction. About noon a few scattering shots were heard, then volleys, for a few minutes a continuous firing, then a few more scattering shots followed by death-like stillness. Half the lives of the pitifully insufficient garrison were sacrificed in those brief moments! One of the most horrible butcheries of all Indian warfare became a part of military history. The red men then and since were defending their rights of possession against the encroachments of a superior and all powerful race. They were cheated and robbed and deceived on all sides; they retaliated as their nature dictated, as desperate men who expected no mercy might. The sites of McPherson, Sedgwick, Kearney, Reno, Philip Kearney, are now the abodes of peace and landmarks, to those who knew them, of the progress of civilization. The names of Red Cloud, Standing Elk, Spotted Tail, are memories. Old Major Bridges, the scout, and a finer frontiersman never lived, has gone long since to his happy hunting ground.

Here is what Col. Cody's play has done for me: brought back almost forgotten experiences and scenes, made them fresh, retouched the pictures photographed on a boy's mind.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co., of London and New York, are justly celebrated for their beautifully printed books, author Robert Elsmere, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in their paper series. This story has already reached its seventh edition in England, and I have heard it highly praised by those who have read it.

The same publishers a short time ago issued an admirable Study of Elizabethan Literature by George Saintsbury, the well-known author of various works on French literature. His summary of the writers of this most important period in letters, is the best of which I have any knowledge. CARRINGTON.

NEW YORK, July 16, 1888.

R. T. WALKEM, Q.C.,
Grand Master Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada.

J. ROSS ROBERTSON,
Deputy Grand Master Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada.

The Biggest Bargain at the Biggest Store.

Sometimes people are afraid to go to the large and first-class houses for fear they will have to pay higher prices than elsewhere. This is a popular mistake. At an immense store like W. A. Murray & Co.'s they buy in larger quantities, and can sell at lower prices than smaller dealers can afford. This week W. A. Murray & Co., are advertising a summer sale. With them it means that they are clearing out the very latest summer goods in order to make room for the fall styles and the most attractive novelties. The goods they are selling are the best and most fashionable in the market, and the reduction they are making is genuine. Don't fail to see the choice bargains they are offering.

Not Up to Business.

"Johnny," said a Seventh avenue grocer to the new boy, "what kind of butter did you send over to Henderson's?"

"Some of the prints here," said the new boy respectfully.

"Oh, great howling Cæsar!" groaned the grocer, "sent 'em some of that good butter just after I have got 'em down to this here in The barrel! Sent 'em the best butter in the store just as I finish a two years' course of getting them down to the barrel butter! Give 'em a taste of good butter after I had got 'em so they thought this barrel butter was the best in the world! And still you say you hope to own a grocery store some day! The taste of that butter you sent 'em will awaken all their old slumbering desires for good butter and I'll have to work another two years grading 'em down, a little poorer each time, before I'll get 'em where there's any profit on 'em again! You might just as well put on your coat and go first as last—groceries ain't your line. You better go into the ministry or get a job on a ferry-boat!"

No Hurry There.

The day was young. Two men, each carrying a lot of tools, came slowly up to the corner of Queen street, and there paused. A car had just passed the corner, and was fully twenty feet away.

"There's our car," remarked one, ca'mly.

"No matter," remarked his companion, "we'd have to run to catch it. There'll be another in an hour," and they seated themselves in a doorway and lighted their pipes. They were plumbers on their way to a job.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD.

For Infants and Invalids.

Is a compound of

MILK, WHEAT & SUGAR.

Chemically so combined as to resemble most closely the

MOTHER'S MILK.

It requires only water in preparation, thus making it the

Most Economical and Convenient

preparation in the market, besides doing away with the

DIFFICULTY and UNCERTAINTY

of obtaining pure milk of a suitable and uniform quality.

It is recommended by the highest medical authorities.

It is especially adapted as a Summer Diet for Infants.

Sample on application to

THOS. LEMING & CO., Montreal.

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614 and 616

QUEEN ST. WEST

You Can Get the Best Value in

DRY GOODS

IN THE CITY.

SPORTING EVENTS TO-DAY.

Baseball.

Toronto v. Troy—Ball Grounds, 3:30.

Cricket.

Toronto v. Gooderham & Worts—T. C. C. Ground, 3 o'clock.

Lacrosse.

Brants v. Toronto—Rosedale, 3 o'clock.

Since last week there has been no change in the standing of the octette of competitors in the International League race. On Friday Toronto lost a game to London in the most thorough manner, but Cushman's men revenged themselves amply on Saturday. On Tuesday the Albanians were defeated with the utmost ease, only three hits being made off Atkisson, who pitched a really good game. Buffalo's hard luck seems to accompany the club right along, and on Tuesday, although the Bisons played much the better game, the Rochesters were the winners. Syracuse holds its lead with the utmost ease, but Toronto's long list of home games should give the champions an opportunity of pulling up. Rumors of disintegration in the Troy club are rife, but the manager says the club is going to stay on until the close of the season.

What does Manager Cushman put in that little note? He sits on the players' bench and makes entries continually. Grand stand patrons marvel and wonder what the white hatted manager puts in his book, but they will never find out. As well might one try to find out what a police officer writes in the little book in which he makes mysterious entries under the glare of the electric light while the weary home-goer passes by.

Big Fred Lewis has received his walking papers. He was in his day, a good man, as good a man as any, but he succumbed and had to go. Mansell, the big centre fielder who was released by Hamilton on Monday, will take Lewis' place. He is a good man, but a desire to get away from Hamilton seriously interfered with his effectiveness.

A very hollow victory indeed for Ontario was the interprovincial match at Ottawa on Monday and Tuesday. The Quebec men seemed totally unable to cope with the bowling of the Western men, while Ontario's representatives knocked the eastern bowlers all over the field. Guthrie of Guelph, who has been playing better of late, made a big score, but, the despatches say, gave several easy chances. It was a great pity that the game was played in Ottawa. The capital never turns out anything like a decent crowd to witness a cricket match, and report says that the gate was small to an unpleasant degree. Of course the fact that almost everybody is out of town must have had a great deal to do with the paucity of the gate receipts, but the fact remains that Ottawa is a remarkably poor cricket town, to adopt a baseball phrase. Had the game taken place in Montreal there would have been plenty of spectators, but the difficulty of procuring grounds prevents the city under the mountain being selected as the scene of the struggle.

Yet more easily than Ontario defeated Quebec did Toronto vanquish Ottawa. The men of whom Ottawa thinks such a great deal did little or nothing. Bell, Little, Tuston and Nutting, all of whom are supposed to be first rate cricketers, failed to come off to any extent, and the Western men simply walked away with them. Fleury, for the second time within a week, made a magnificent score. His place on the eleven to play the Irishmen should now be assured. He is as good a man as any of them, and the fact that he is always willing to play for his club, no matter at what personal inconvenience, has made him one of the most valuable members of the T. C. C.

Canada has been doing nobly at Sunbury. The men from the Dominion have captured honors in almost every event, and the Toronto big four has again showed the way to everybody. It is a great pity that the American Association selected Sunbury as the scene of the regatta. Nothing can be said against the course. It was laid—if the expression be allowable—along a magnificent reach of the Susquehanna, but the unsatisfactory facilities for getting to the town prevented anything like a large attendance of spectators. Many clubs who had made entries failed to send on their representatives on account of the niggardly policy of the railways in declining to carry the boats free of charge. In Canada it is always understood that bicycles and boats belonging to competitors are carried free to race meetings, but the American railways are evidently making too much money, and as a consequence they asked the clubs to pay freight charges.

That will be a grand trip to the West Indies which Mr. G. G. A. Lindsey is thinking of getting up. He proposes taking a cricket eleven to the Islands about the first of December, '88, playing matches in the important towns. There should be a grand time waiting for those who go. The Americans who went down last winter enjoyed themselves immensely, although they did not win many matches.

Mr. Secretary C. E. Maddison and his committee are making great preparations for the C. A. A. O. regatta. Many entries have been received, the majority of them being from men who have made names for themselves in the field of amateur aquatics. The regatta will come off just at the right time—when the town is absolutely lifeless; and Toronto's young men will doubtless welcome the oarsmen with enthusiasm.

The Bay of Quinte Yacht Club regatta at Belleville was rather slow, entries were few, and the time, thanks to the unsatisfactory breeze, very poor. The crew of the Verve, who had looked forward to taking part in the races, had their hands full refitting their battered boat, but they will be ready for everybody at Oswego. By-the way, they must have had quite a nice time of it, sitting down in the cabin with everything closed up as tight as they could make it. They were lucky to get off without serious injury. It's funny what rot some people talk; people who are usually quite sane, when they become rattled. Last Friday somebody started a rumor that the boat had come ashore bottom upwards. Fancy the Verve, with seven and a-half tons of lead in her keel, capsizing!

The Toronto Lacrosse Club had a very easy time of it on Saturday last when the St. Catharines Athletics were easily defeated in four straight games. The Athletics played poorly indeed. Covering was altogether neglected and they lobbed about the field on their heels in a way which irresistibly reminded one of the Irishmen who come over three years ago. To-day, though, the Toronto men will have to hustle if they want to hold the championship for another year. The Brants of Paris are just about good enough to give any club in the C. L. A. a tough time of it and the champions may prepare to play all the lacrosse they know. The men from up the country are putting in a great deal of steady practice. In this respect Toronto is fully up to them. The team has turned out strongly every night this week and has put in some good work. To-day's twelve is just about as good as Toronto can put into the field, and I am told, they are going in to win. If Paris wins it would seriously complicate things, for Toronto you know intends defeating the Shamrocks and Cornwalls in a series for the world's championship.

It is rather a pity that any misunderstanding should have arisen regarding the division of the gate receipts at the recent Cornwall-Toronto match. The Cornwall papers have been making a great fuss about the Athletic Club's tickets, but there is every probability that Mr. Davies will be able to arrange everything satisfactorily. The Toronto Club, rather than leave room for any doubt regarding the amount of money taken in, had affidavits taken by all the ticket sellers, showing exactly how much money was taken in. When these are placed before the Cornwall management there will be an end of the matter. It is rather to be regretted that Mr. Davies' absence in New York prevented his attending to the matter sooner; but neither he nor the T. L. C. management have done anything to merit the very unpleasant things said about them by the Cornwall papers.

So the Ottawa papers advocate the formation of a semi-professional lacrosse league, "to include the Torontos." Now that the semi-professional league to which the Ottawas already belong has gone up, the Ottawa men are harking back, but they really shouldn't talk such rot as that. Look at the matter. The National Amateur Lacrosse Association—with the accent on the "amateur"—has tried the scheme. It ran on the semi-professional system, and great has been the fall thereof. Even down east the people have refused to go to see the games. Do they think that Toronto people would go to see a lot of professionals playing when they can see the best twelve in the world—a twelve composed of gentlemen—play and defeat any crowd of professionals in the land? How are they going to manage it? The Toronto men aren't going to turn "pros," and consequently any paid twelve which Toronto could engage would be immeasurably the inferiors of the men of to-day. The C. L. A. is doing very well. Let the N. A. L. A. run its own hippodrome. It won't take long to decide the championship. Because why? Because there is only one club remaining in the association.

YAKATERAG.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

EDGERTON—On July 11, at Lancaster, Mrs. Thomas Edgerton, of twins—male and female.

SOUTHGATE—On July 15, at Toronto, Mrs. W. E. Southgate—a son.

MORISON—On July 15, at Ottawa, Mrs. M. J. Morison—a son.

MILLER—On July 15, at Toronto, Mrs. Coleman Miller—a son.

ROBERTSON—On July 14, at Newmarket, Mrs. Thomas J Robertson—a daughter.

WOOD—On July 10, at G. T. R. station, Kingston, Mrs. Chester W. Wood—a son.

CRUTCHLOW—On July 12, at Montreal, Mrs. G. Crutchlow—a daughter.

THORNTON—On July 10, at Montreal, Mrs. Peter Thornton—a son.

PARKER—On July 13, at Peterborough, Mrs. P. C Parker—a son.

BELDING—On July 11, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles W. Belding—a son.

COATSWORTH—On July 11, at Toronto, Mrs. Emerson Coatsworth, jr—a daughter.

DENNIS—On July 8, at Maplegrove, Halifax, Mrs. Wm. Dennis—a son.

DYAS—On July 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Thomas W. Dyas—a son.

MACDOUGALL—On July 9, at Bord-a-Plouffe, Mrs. Campbell MacDougall—a daughter.

MALENFANT—On July 13, at McGregor, Mrs. Alfred Malenfant—a son.

PAIN—On July 6, at Pittsburgh, Ont., Mrs. Ambrose Pain—a son.

VANSICLE—On July 6, at Windsor, Mrs. G. P. Vansicle—a son.

ECKARDT—On July 17, at Toronto, Mrs. A. J. H. Eckardt—a son.

ROBERTSON—On July 14, at Newmarket, Mrs. Thomas J. Robertson—a son.

WINTERBOURNE—On July 15, at St. Stephen's Rectory, Lachine, Mrs. H. J. Winterbourne—a son.

Marriages.

GREER—READING—On July 18, at St. Matthew's Church, by Rev. J. Scott Howard, M.A., John Greer, to Harriet E., daughter of George Reading.

HAMILTON—BRIDGMAN—On July 17, at St. Paul's Church, Lindsay, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, rector, Wm. Hamilton, Superintendent Toronto Water Works, to Rosetta Bridgman of Lindsay.

BARNES—BAMBRICK—On July 17, by Rev. Dr. Burton, Waldo E. Barnes, jr., of Toronto, to Annie Bambrick, of Ottawa.

JOY—WALTERS—On July 7, by Ven. Archdeacon Bedford-Jones, at the residence of the bride's father, Napanee, Joseph Joy to Annie, eldest daughter of James Walters.

MULQUEEN—SMITH—On July 16, at St. Patrick's church, by Rev. F. Ryan, D. Mulqueen, of New York, to Josephine Smith, of Toronto.

YULE—LYNN—On July 4, at Lynnwood Farm, East Flamboro', by Rev. Mr. Blair, Andrew Yule, of Listowel, to Maggie, fourth daughter of Joseph Lynn.

WILKINS—JONES—On July 11, at the residence of the bride's parents, Chatham, by Rev. H. Warr, Sarah E. Jones, to John Wilkins, of Toronto.

HALL—MALEY—On July 11, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. J. Awde, Grant M. Hall, of Sherbrooke, P. Q., to Minnie, eldest daughter of George T. Maley, Kemptville, Ont.

GAYNOR—NOBLE—On July 12, at St. George's Church, John street, by Rev. Canon E. Cayley, W. Gaynor, druggist, Toronto, to Emma Noble, Parkdale.

GREENSLADE—PACE—On July 4, at Guelph, by Rev. Thos. Wardrope, D.D., assisted by Rev. W. C. Armstrong, of Hillsburg, Jas. C. Greenslade, of Ingersoll, to Maude Pace, of Guelph.

HAYCOCK—RIVERS—On July 5, at Aroostook Junction, by Rev. Leo Hoyt, Frank L. Haycock, of Calais, Me., to Ada H. Rivers.

LECKIE—OLIVER—On July 11, at Hamilton, by Rev. D. H. Fletcher, John Leckie of Toronto, to Annice Oliver of Brussels, Ont.

MASSEY—DENTON—On July 12, at Lowell, Mass., by Rev. W. T. Perrin, Walter E. H. Massey of Toronto, to Susie N. Denton of Boston.

McKWAN—BARBERVILLE—On July 11, at Guelph, by Rev. J. Laing, D.D., James McEwan, to Mahalah H. Barberville, both of Dundas.

PLUMMER—KIESLING—On June 27, at Chicago, Ill., by Rev. J. H. Knowles, Walter Plummer, Toronto, to Elizabeth Anna, second daughter of Herr Ludwig Kiesling of Bavaria.

BERTRAND—HANCOCK—On July 9, at Amherstburg, by Rev. Thos. Cobb, Fred Bertrand, to Hettie, second daughter of Robert Hancock, all of Amherstburg.

McPHERSON—CAMPBELL—On July 11, at Montreal, by Rev. Dr. W. J. Smyth, M. A., B. Sc., William J. McPherson, of La Guerre, to Jessie Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Evander Campbel, of Fort Lewis.

VENTRESS—PAIN—On July 11, at Ashburnham, by Rev. W. C. Bradshaw, rector, Albert Ventress, to Sarah Jane Pain, all of Peterborough.

BRADLEY—DILEY—On July 5, at Collingwood, by Rev. Mr. Lock, John P. Bradley, to M. E. Franklin, both of Parkdale.

Deaths.

CUBITT—On July 10, at Bowmanville, Annie Cubitt.

GLENDENNING—On July 16, at Chatham, Jane Glendenning, aged 73 years.

GOODE—On July 8, at Darlington, near Bowmanville, Jane Goode, aged 63 years.

LAWRIE—On July 12, Lillian Florence Lawrie aged 3 years.

LAHMER—On July 12, at Brierwood place, Vaughan, Barbara E. Lahmer.

BIRD—On July 14, at Toronto, Elias Brock, aged 68 years.

CHRISTMAS—On July 12, at Montreal, Eva Jennie Christmas.

DUMARESQ—On July 11, at Montreal, Florence Lillian Dumaresq, aged 2 years.

MACHAN—On July 5 at Hibbert, Andrew Machan, aged 63 years.

MAILLOUX—On July 11, at Sandwich East, Therese Mailloux, aged 92 years.

BIRTLES—On July 16, at Kingston, Louisa Ethel Birtles, aged 4 years and 12 days.

BROWN—On July 15, at Montreal, Peter Brown, aged 21 years.

CHIPCHASE—On July 14, at Montreal, Emily Maud Chipchase, aged 20 days.

HERRLEIN—Edward Ross Herrlein, aged 3 months and 20 days.

MACDONALD—On July 5, at Naufrage, P. E. I., Ronald R. Macdonald, aged 89 years.

NEW—On July 5, at St Thomas, Leila Adelia New, aged 1 year and 7 months.

PINK—On Jul 11, at Hadlow Cove, Quebec, Wm. Pink, aged 77 years.

HOYT—On July 13, at Brantford, Munson W. Hoyt, aged 73 years.

SIMPSON—On July 12, at Brockville, Mabel Simpson, aged 9 months and 15 days.

SUDAH—On July 12, at 26 D'Arcy street, A. H. Judah, aged 68 years.

BEATTY—On July 14, Margaret Verner Beatty, aged 67 years.

RUSSELL—On July 16, Angus Russell, aged 65 years.

DUNCAN—On July 11, at Concord, John Duncan, sr., aged 83 years.

HARPER—On July 17, John Harper, aged 82 years.

FISHER—On July 17, at Toronto, Rebecca Johnston Fisher, aged 59 years.

BROUGH—On July 17, at Toronto, Villotte Brough, aged 3 years and 9 months.

BROWN—On July 17, at Montreal, Elizabeth Martin Brown, aged 68 years.

GOODWIN—On July 18, on Toronto Island, Eliza Goodwin, aged 80 years.

HUMPHREY—On July 18, at Toronto, Ellen Maude Humphrey, aged 1 years and 10 months.

KEMP—On July 16, at Portobello, Scotland, David Kemp.

LYNCH—On July 16, at Montreal, Fousie Lynch, aged 7 years.

MULDOON—On July 13, at St John, N. B., James Muldoon, aged 90 years.

PARK—On July. 12, at Cornwall, William Milford Park, aged 87 years.

GRAHAM—On July 17, at Toronto, Mary Graham, aged 59 years.

GRANT—On July 15, at Allenford, Ont., James Grant, aged 42 years.

REYNOLDS—On July 17, at Denver, Col., Miss Annie Reynolds, aged 28 years.

McGILL—On July 12, at Pottageville, King, Charlotte McMillan McGill, aged 75 years.

FIRSTBROOK—On July 15, Katherina Firstbrook, aged 60 years.

HASTINGS—On July 16, Elizabeth Crawford Hastings, aged 66 years.

CHEAP EXCURSION

TO THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

3,200 MILES FOR $28.00

TO MOOSOMIN AND RETURN

220 MILES WEST OF WINNIPEG.

COLONIST CLASS

Tickets sold at all stations on the Ontario & Atlantic and Eastern Divisions of the Canadian Pacific, the Kingston & Pembroke and Grand Trunk Railways, Prescott, Ottawa and west thereof, including Northern and Western Railway.

The excursion will leave Toronto at 11:00 p.m. on Aug. 7th and Carleton Junction at 1.10 a.m. 8th Aug., via North Bay and the Canadian Pacific Railway. Parties should arrange to arrive in time to take these trains.

AUGUST 7TH, 1888

Tickets will be good to return until 7th October, and allow the holder to lay over at any station Winnipeg or west thereof. There is no better time to look at land, for seeing root crops and visiting friends.

Return tickets will also be sold from Winnipeg to any station between Winnipeg and Deloraine, at Portage la Prairie to any station between Portage la Pr irie and Langenburg, and at Moosomin to any station between Moosomin and Calgary, at

SINGLE FARE

Or for those who drive across the country, one-half rate will be charged back to Winnipeg or Portage la Prairie.

Apply to nearest railroad agent for full particulars and accommodation in Colonist Sleepers, which will be reserved as ordered.

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The next hop at the Queen's Royal will be given on Saturday Night, July 28th.

The annual tennis tournament will take place about August 15. Steamer Chicora leaves Niagara-on-the-Lake every morning at 8:30 for Toronto. Special rates by week, month or season.

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GRAND OPEN AIR CONCERT

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CITIZENS' BAND

Under the direction of Mr. J. Bayley. Steamers will leave Yonge, York and Brock streets every 20 minutes. Last boat leaves Island at 11 p. m. Band Concerts will be given every evening

DOTY FERRY CO.

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Hotel Opens 15th of June

Magnificent Steamer ROTHESAY chartered for season. For rooms at Hotel or for a choice lot in this beautiful summer Resort, apply to J. W. STOCKWELL, 89 King West, Treasurer. Opening day of sailing Saturday 16th June.

Niagara River Line

Change of Time

PALACE STEEL STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola

Three Trips a day, beginning June 13, 1888.

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GENTLEMEN,—As a practical machinist I have much pleasure in recommending the "Empress" Sewing Machine. It is built on approved principles that are a guarantee of durability and accuracy and the arrangement of its parts make it the lightest running lock-stitch sewing machine I have seen. The machine I bought from you a year ago is giving the best of satisfaction. Yours truly,

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SPRING OVERCOATS

In the above goods we excel this spring; we have had made up a tremendous stock, all sizes from 24 up to 48 inches, consequently we can fit the smallest boy or the largest man, and what is more we can produce

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Every Saturday Night from 7 to 10:30

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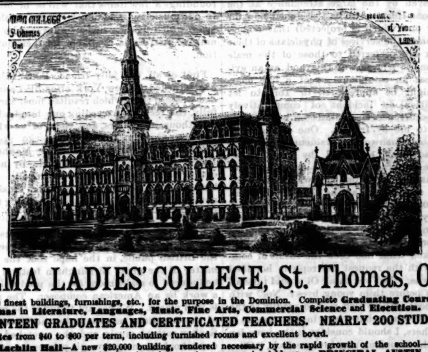

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